The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Vennor died last week. Perhaps if he has attained the upper regions he will know more about the weather. If he gets to the lower for his lying, he may sigh for colder breezes.

The reason Blaine did not take the $7,500 when Speaker for a ruling, was because it was not offered him.

It is thought Mrs. Logan will soon have her husband's letter of acceptance ready.

We will not publish anything about Blaine that we know to be untrue. The story that he had taken a bribe of $7,500 to make a certain ruling while in the speaker's chair, circulated by alleged friends, is not correct as it appears. The main reason of its incorrectness lies in the fact that the money was not offered —that alone accounts for its not being true.

Another ocean gazelle has appeared in the steamship America. She has just made the run from New York to Queenstown in six days, fourteen hours and eighteen minutes. This beats the Oregon and lowers the record.

There were over 2,500 Independent Republicans in attendance at the Blaine bolters' meeting at Tremont temple Boston, on the night of the 13th. Hundreds were turned away. The meeting was enthusiastic for a bolt and the applause was deafening when it was declared that if the Democrats would nominate such men as Bayard or Cleveland they would vote for them.

The Democracy of New York, in their state convention last week, were quite harmonious, and there was no jarring of factions. A large majority of the delegates favored Gov. Cleveland for President and his name will be presented to the Chicago convention, to meet July 8, as the choice of the Empire state for the presidential chair, and that seems to mean his nomination. Gov. Cleveland two years ago, it will be remembered by the REPORTER reader, carried New York by 200,000, and he is better thought of since. He is a good man.

We have just returned from a trip to the Gettysburg batle field, where, from the plain and little Round top, a well-posted guide pointed out the terrible work of those threedays that turned the scale and sent the Confederate hosts in broken and demoralized retreat from the soil of our commonwealth. Terrible with horror as must have been that great battle, we mused toourselves, as we looked over the field from Round top, with clenched fist in our pocket, how much more frightful it night have been had we been there—and then we were right glad we weren't.

A writer in the last issue of the *Centre Democrat*, makes the following well-timed remarks with reference to the present Commissioners, Messrs. Greist, Wolf and Campbell:

"The present board of Commissioners has been a unit on all questions of economy. They have had the energy and sagacity to fairly, honestly and intelligently manage the financial matters of the county. When the present board of Commissioners came into power the financial condition of the county was in a very unhealthy condition. The statement published in the beginning of 1882 showing the receipts and expenditures of the county for the year 1881, shows that the county debt on the first Monday of January, 1882, to have been $83,167.09. The same statement shows that at the same date, there were axes out standing from 1872 to 1881, both inclusive, amount ing to $60,235.67.

"Now take the statement of 1883. It shows that on January 1, 1884, the county debt was $42,42.28, and that, with one or two exceptions all the taxes that were then outstanding were the taxes assessed for 1883 and they only in part. The old accounts were closed, and the people enjoyed the benefit of having one-half of the debt of the county paid in two years.

Besides all this, here were many other irregularities, that had long been carried on that were more or less a drain upon the people stopped. The Commissioners adhered rigidly to the law in everything. Some people may not have liked it, but it was the law and as long as it was adhered to, no one could suffer wrong.

"We had hoped with the record made by the present board for fair and intelligent management of the county finances, and the good business qualifications exhibited by them in everything that related to the welfare of the public, a renomination would be accorded them without opposition. We hope the people of the county will yet see that it will be to their advantage to give the present board of Commissioners another term."

THE REPUBLICAN REVOLT.

The conference of anti-Blaine republicans held in New York city on Tuesday night, 17, was attended by committees from Massachusetts, Connecticut. Missouri, New York and Pennsylvania. Joseph Parrish, Stuart Wood, Chas. Richmond and Frank B. Reeves, represented Philadelphia in the conference, Mr. Wood read a letter from Henry C. Lean, the well known independent republican of Philadelphia, urging a concerted movement against Blaine. George William Curtis presided at the meeting. Carl Schurz offered resolutions which were adopted:

WHEREAS, We are met in conference as republicans and independents to take action in opposition to the nominations of James G. Blaine for president and John A. Logan for vice president of the United States; and

Whereas, These candidates were named in absolute disregard of the reform sentiment of the nation, and representing political methods and principles to which we are unalterably opposed.

Resolved, That it is our conviction that the country will be better served by opposing these nominations than by supporting them.

Resolved, That we look with solicitude to the coming nominations by the democratic party; that they have the proper men, we hope they will put them before the people for election.

The followidg committee has been appointed in accordance with the resolutions for the organization of an independent party: George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, Stephen P. Nash, Francis C. Barlow, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., Henry A. Oakley, Jackson S. Schultz, C. T. Christenson, Edward Solomon, Eathen Allen Doty, George Haven Putnam, Charles Scribner, George Walter Green, F. W. Whiteridge, Horace E. Deming, R. R. Bowker, W. A. White, George Hill, S. W. Grierson, Herman Dowd, Felix Kaufman, Thomas C. Sloan, Charles MacVeagh, Percival Knauth, W. C. Sawyer, Arthur M. Sherwood, H. Van Amringe, James Stokes, Frederick Cromwell, S. S. Burnham, E. S. Waterman and C. Stewart Davison.

Up at Lansingburg, N. Y., a few evenings ago, a woman, who had long suspected her husband's partiality for a grass widow, followed him with a rawhide. She found her husband at the grass widow's residence, on River street, and there cowhided him soundly. The husband, without hat or coat, ran up the street, his wife in pursuit with the whip. The wife castigated her recreant lord until she was wearied, and, notwithstanding his abject begging, refused to have anything to do with him, and warned him he would receive another whipping should he ever again darken her doors.

The Fitz John Porter bill passed both houses finally, last week. Now Logan need fight no more against doing justice to Gen. Porter.

TWO COMPANIES IN THE SNOW SHOE REGION BOUGHT OUT FOR $1,000,000.

Says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: The Lehigh Valley railroad company made an important step in its history of the purchase of nearly fifty thousand acres of bituminous coal land in Clearfield county, which it will hereafter mine. The purchase is one that has been spoken of several times, but the transaction was not consummated until the other day, when the title deeds and purchase money, $1,000,000 in cash, paid by the Lehigh Valley.

The land is located near the terminus of the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe branch of the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, a line operated by the Pennsylvania, and was the largest unsecured tract of land, as well as the nearest to the market that remained in that section of the state. It was purchased from two companies: The Snow Shoe Land and Improvement company, of which B. K. Jamison, of Philadelphia, was president, and the Snow Shoe Coal company, of which the leading spirit was Edward Blanchard, of Bellefonte. The former company had a capital stock of $1,000,000 and owned about 40,000 acres of valuable land partially developed in the neighborhood of Snow Shoe City. The Snow Shoe Coal company's capital was $400,000, and it owned 7,500 acres of land, including a part of the ground now in the town limits of Snow Shoe city, besides a considerable number of coke ovens, coal openings, houses and other property. It is on this property that many of the mines of Berwin, White & Co., of Philadelphia, are located. For some time the Lehigh Valley railroad company, through its affiliated corporation, the Lehigh Valley coal company, has been negotiating for this property. The parties interested are so numerous that a great amount of labor and correspondence was necessary to get them all to agree to the sale, and even when their consent was obtained the Lehigh Valley hesitated before concluding the bargain. It desired first to be assured of some means of getting the coal to market.

There are two railroad outlets to the territory, one by the new Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern, which is a branch of the Jersey Shore road, connecting with the Vanderbilt and Reading systems, and the other over the Pennsylvania. This latter route is the older, and has connections with the Lehigh Valley system, and to it the officers of the road turned. The Pennsylvania people were found to be not unwilling to undertake the transportation of the coal, and a contract was signed between the Pennsylvania and Lehigh Valley regulating the manner and rate of transportation. The terms of the contract could not be obtained.

Formerly the tonnage from these mines was sent to market over the Tyrone division of the Pennsylvania, and then over the main line of that company. In future, however, it will be hauled to Tomhicken or Mount Carmel, on the Lehigh Valley, and there delivered to that company, who will complete the transportation. The route will be from Snow Shoe intersection over the Bald Eagle Valley road to Lock Haven, thence over the Philadelphia and Erie to Sunbury, and from that point to Tomhicken or Mount Carmel over the Sunbury, Hazleton and Wilkesbarre. The Lehigh Valley has branches extending to Mount Carmel and to Tomhicken. The Pennsylvania will thus haul the coal for 140 miles, and it was to regulate the freight on this distance that the contract between the two companies was made.

Plaine as the transaction appears to be the knowing ones say that it was a shrewd move on the part of the Pennsylvania. That company has heretofore had exclusive control of the Snow Shoe product, and hauled it from the mines to tidewater over its own lines. The Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern, which is an appendage of the Reading system, runs directly through the tract in question. The land was owned by parties, who, while friendly to the Pennsylvania, might not object to sell out their interest to friends of the Vanderbilt-Reading combination, which has already picked up considerable land in the vicinity, in which case the Pennsylvania would not haul a pound of the coal, and their twenty-two mile spur from the Bald Eagle Valley road would loose much of its value.

The Pennsylvania people were not then, it is said, displeased at the efforts of the Lehigh Valley to secure control of the land, since their own company does not buy coal land for the purpose of operating it, and were rather inclined to aid a movement which assured to them a haul of 140 miles rather than see the traffic diverted to another company.

It is said that the Lehigh Valley will proceed to develop the new territory at once. Part of it is leased and operated by other parties and by these royalty will be paid. The Lehigh Valley, with its extensive shipping facilities at Buffalo, will endeavor to build up a bituminous trade at that point, as well as send to other markets. There will be no undue competition with the soft coal product hauled by the Pennsylvania, and the transaction is regarded as forming another band of union between the two corporations.

Two hundred Republicans of New Haven have announced that they will not vote for Blaine—they do not like the tattooed man.

A dispatch from Sonora, Cal., gives particulars of a complicated tragedy. Edmund Gallagher, 22 years old, shot Mrs. Otis Greenwood in the face and breast with a double barrelled shotgun. Her son Otis ran after Gallagher and fired twice at him without effect. Robert Watson pursued Otis Greenwood, and the latter turned on him and shot him twice in the neck and back. Watson fell, whereupon Watson's son opened fire on Greenwood, but the latter escaped to Sonora, where he surrendered. The sheriff started for the scene and arrested Gallagher, and both he and Greenwood were lodged in jail. Mrs. Greenwood and Watson are dead. The tragedy was the result of a dispute about Watson's running water across Greenwood's mining claim. Mrs. Greenwood was the widow of a prominent lawyer in the locality and all the others are respectably connected.

The House on Friday seated J. E. Campbell, Democrat, who contested the seat of H. L. Morey, of the Seventh district of Ohio. Morey had forty-one majority in the face of the returns, which was obtained by fraud, and mainly by voting colored theological students at Xenia, who had no legal residence there. The beauty about the result was that Campbell polled the full Democratic vote in the House and had 76 majority. This is the first solid Democratic vote of the season. As usual the Republicans all voted to keep their man in. One more Democrat, Frederick, of Ohio, will be seated, and then the books will be closed.

President Arthur has returned to Washington. He proposes to take the remainder of his term very quietly and fret himself about nothing. He will take a number of fishing trips during the seasen. It is quite possible that he will not give so many dinners next winter as he did this last winter. His entertainments last winter ate up his salary and made quite a hole in his reserves—and his preserves. Arthur's defeat has probably put an end to all future attempts to nominate a President with the votes of Southern men and office-holders.

Arthur is greatly disappointed over the result, notwithstanding his pretended philosophy. In spite of his gushing dispatches to Blaine, he will not raise his hand to help him, and it is not very clear how he could come out and do very much for him. Blaine, before he left Washington, frankly said if he could not be nominated that he would be satisfied if Arthur or Edmunds could be beaten. Neither of these gentlemen have forgotten this talk. Edmunds was invited to be present at the Blaine and Logan ratification in company with the other candidates, but he would not go.

Brooklyn, at its rate of increase, will soon overtake Philadelphia and rank as the second city in the Union. Her enthusiastic people had been courageously claiming a population of 650,000, but the new directory shows the names, facts and figures for 704,610 inhabitants. In 1870 the population of Brooklyn was 396,000. In 1880 it was 566,000. The gain in ten years is 170,000 or 17,000 per annum, according to the United States census. Now the directory census shows 704,000, a gain of 138,000 in four years.

The Democracy seems to be for Cleveland and M'Donald or Cleveland and Hoadly. Either way it will be a strong ticket and will knock the spots off the tattooed man from Maine.

It was the New York *Tribune*, in the days of the great Horace Greeley, that gave to John A. Logan the *sobriquet* of "Dirty work Logan."

THE SQUEEZING PROCESS REFINED.

The anthracite coal companies will stop work from July 5 to July 19.

In this way they squeeze the blood out of labor.

The coal companies have also decided to advance the price of stove and chestnut.

In this way they rob the general consumer.

THE MARINE BANK OFFICERS.

New York, June 17.—There are twelve counts in the indictments against J. D. Fish, ex-president of the Marine Bank, four of which charge him with making loans of about a million dollars on fictitious securities and the remaining eight relate to overdrafts by Grant & Ward to the amount of about $700,000 for which the firm gave no security.

The indictments against Eno for misapplying the funds of the Second National bank of which he was president contains sixteen counts, making the amount $3,500,000.

Ward was indicted for aiding and abetting Fish in misapplying the funds of the Marine bank. Fish will not be arrested as he is already under bonds under a previous indictment. He will, however, appear before the United States commissioner when his bail bond will be renewed.

GEN. M'CANDLESS DEAD.

Philadelphia, June 17.—General William McCandless died this morning at 7 o'clock at his home, northwest corner of Fifteenth and Filbert streets. He had been in poor health for the past two years, but a few months ago began to experience trouble from a wound he received in the thigh during the war. This, coupled with general debility, caused him to gradually sink, his life having been dispaired of for more than a week.

Gen. McCandless in 1874 was elected by the Democrats to the position of secretary of internal affairs. He served out his term and in 1878 came before the state convention at Pittsburg as a candidate for governor, but was withdrawn on the third ballot which nominated And. H. Dill. He was afrerward nominated for congress in the First district but was defeated by Gen. H. H. Bingham.

All the leading Pittsburg iron masters propose to drill for gas in the hope of thus obtaining cheap fuel.

A HOTEL BURNED.

Tyrone, June 19.—The Eagle hotel, corner of Main and Hill streets, was partially burned last night. Loss about $4,000; insurance on the building, $6,000. It was unoccupied at the time and the fire is supposed to be incendiary.

There is an atmosphere of Summer all through the July HARPER'S, which is ready for publication. The opening paper deals with the Nile, now in the season of inundation, and another with the St. Lawrence and its summer resorts; while the approaches to New York a London suburb, "Harrow on-the-Hill," and one of the suburbs of Washington, Kendle Green, are the subjects of other articles. Both the serials are very summery; the paper on Bismark gives a pleasant account of his summer life, and one on "Professional Beauties of the Last Century" includes a graphic description of a summer night's party at Ranelagh Gardens. There is also a paper on cattle farming at the West, and a poem by Philip Bourke Marston sings of "Roses and Nightengales."

TO BLOW UP THE BRITONS BY THROWING DYNAMITE FROM BALLOONS.

London, June 20.—The Paris correspondent of the "Times" says of John Stephens, the ex-Fenian head centre's circular forwarded to the active members of the brotherhood at Chicago, summoning an early meeting at Chicago of prominent Irish Americans willing to join a new movement in favor of military organization on the lines proposed by the late John O'Mahoney, that Stephens declares the services of several distinguished European officers have already been placed at his disposal, and he is sanguine he can secure others. No definite plan of action will be proposed until the convention of Irish patriots which it is proposed will soon be held in Paris. To this convention the Chicago conference is invited to elect delegates. After the convention an address will be issued to the Irish at home and abroad expounding the aims of the new movement. Among the plans of operations mooted is a scheme to dispatch balloons manned with desperadoes over England to drop explosives upon the cities and towns below. Captain McCaffrey has been commissioned to examine plans of the apparatus. Several Fenians in Paris have volunteered for the aerial expedition.

A TOWN CONSUMED BY FIRE.

Dubois, June 22.—A fire occurred yesterday morning at 3 o'clock at Benezette, Elk county, a lumber town on the low grade division of the Allegheny Valley railroad, 29 miles east of this place. Eleven buildings were burned, nearly all business houses. Johnson's, Schaeffer's, Haskin's, Lazier's and Blesh's stores; Kelper's harness shop and Derr's dwelling are the principal buildings burned. The fire occurred by the explosion of a lamp in Schaeffer's store.

Nothing so aesthetic and ingenious as the placing of dynamite in gaiter heels has been devised. The cartridge, according to a Connecticut cobbler, is imbedded in the leather, and as the heel wears down it becomes exposed and is liable to go off. It will occur to the simplest-minded reader that this is not a Nihilist scheme but a domestic plot. It is the deep-laid deviltry of an old husband with a young wife. He buys her a handsome pair of gaiters and bides his time. When he accuses her of receiving attention from a young man, he does so with self-conscious power. He knows that she will get angry and stamp her foot, and then all will be over with her, and he can sit back and smile as she disappears through the roof. The one obvious and needed moral of this new iniquity is—Do not wear high heels.

——Do you want a fine monument, tombstone, or other work for the cemetery, to honor the memory of the departed, then go to Stover's Bellefonte marble works and you can rely on getting work equal to any put out in the city, and at prices far lower than at any marble works in this or adjoining counties.

——We are sorry to learn that Mr. John Moyer, of Boalsburg, who had been suffering from erysipelas which settled in one of his legs, had to submit to an amputation of the limb which proved fatal. The amputation was performed on Saturday, and he died 20 minutes thereafter. He was a much esteemed citizen, and an active Democrat. His funeral on Monday was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends. He leaves a wife and six children.

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

Our summer school taught by Miss Hoffer closed on 20; she is an efficient teacher and gave satisfaction in teaching the young ideas how to shoot. The culvert builders are at work in Meyer's meadow. We hope soon to see the iron horse. Whew! its a boy, said our blacksmith in excitement. Haying has commenced in earnest. Some of the hay will be of inferior quality on account of weevils working on the clover. Several of our prominent farmers have already purchased self-binders, thus the labor will be greatly reduced. The daily amusement is quoit pitching, and when ex-Commissioner S. W. B.. J. I. R. and M. get the hubs the thing is solid. Wonder when J. W. K. expects to deliver his second lot of "pain paint." Our community was greatly shocked by the sad news of the death of John Moyer, of Boalsburg, on Saturday last. His first illness was erysipelas but it afterward turned to gangrene in the leg. The doctors decided to amputate the limb, which was done on Saturday at about 7 p. m. and at 8 o'clock his spirit took its flight. He leaves a wife, who has been confined to her chair for over a year and is scarcely able to move, and six children, the youngest being about 5 years old. The young folks speak of the sociable at Wieland's on Saturday evening as a fine affair. We must inform X of the "Democrat" that that "Hill" he refers to is not public property; all that adjoining the east side of the "Hill" is private property, therefore the supervisor has nothing to do with it. Again, the stones will not interfere, because he travels that hill when stones are visible at a great distance.

Don't forget that the Deering binder has won trial after trial in competition with other binders and to-day stands at the head of the list of successful machines. It is less complicated than any binder built, and has a larger drive wheel than any machine offered in the county; has more space between the tongue and first guard than any other binders in the field. The Deering knotter has from two to four less springs and from 10 to 20 less pieces than other knotters, and has no swinging parts or yielding cord holder, an unnecessary device and wasteful in the use of twine. The Deering binder is for sale by Gordon & Landis, Bellefonte.

Things which never could have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength, and not happiness, or rather only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living. And with that test and standard the best order and beauty reappear.

The annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held at Bellefonte, commencing August 16 and lasting until 21. The grounds are to be lit by electricity.

The title of "Plumed Knight" was given to Blaine by Colonel Ingersoll. We have heard several ask, since the convention, where the term originated, and for their benefit we have succeeded in finding out.

The second largest source of revenue to the U. S. Government from any one branch of business, is derived from the production and manufacture of tobacco. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., of Durham, N. C., claims to be the largest manufacturer of smoking tobacco in the world. The reputation of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is too firmly established to need any commendation at our hands. In another column our readers will notice their new announcement which is of interest to all lovers of the weed. The company are perfectly responsible, and when they announce that they will give away $11,950 in cash, it is an assured fact that they mean just what they say. Smokers will find an opportunity of combining business with pleasure by reading their announcement.

The immemorial institution of trial by jury, which for centuries has been regarded as one of the most escential rights of the citizen and one of the most effective barriers against absolute power, is itself on trial to-day, and is required to show cause why it should be discarded and a more effectual method of administering justice substituted for it, or at least why it should not be reformed as to yield more satisfactory results. Some suggestions for the improvement of the existing jury system, presented by Judge Robert C. Pitman in the "North American Review," for July, under the title of "Jurors and Jurymen," should, in view of recent notorious miscarriages of justice, receive a serious consideration of every thoughtful citizen. "American Economics," by Prof. Van Buren Denslow, is a lucid and forcible exposition of the grounds upon which the protection theory of national economy is based. Judge Noah Davis writes of "Marriage and Divorce;" Dr. F. Bender, whose subject is "The Annexation of Canada," sets forth the advantages likely to accrue to the United States from the absorption of the Canadian provinces; Prof. D. McG. Means, in an argument against "Governmental Telegraphy," subjects the management of the Post Office to a most searching criticism; Charles T. Congdon writes of "Private Vengeance," and finally, there is a symposium on the "Future of the Negro," by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John P. Morgan, Prof. Richard T. Greener, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson, and others.

FOR THE

-:FARMERS:-

—AND—

OTHERS.

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We are still falling to low prices on all of our stock of merchandise.

HARPOON HAY FORKS,
(single and double,) at $4.50 to $5—sold a very short time ago at $7.50. Hay Fork Pulleys at 25c each. Best Manilla (not sisal) from ¼ to 2 inches.

Dunn's, Beardsly, Eagle and Clipper, GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES, (Razor Edges) 75 cents to $1.15. Emory Stones, Scythe Stones and Rifles at unusually low rates.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE.
Our Silverware surprises every one for its beautiful appearance, elegance of design, and prices lower than were ever known.

PAPER BAGS.
We are all right again on paper bags. We quote the trade at 40 per cent. off and an extra 5 per cent. off on lots of 5,000 or more.

PUMPS.
There has been a great decline in the price of pumps. If you want one write to us for prices, or call and see them. Cistern pumps $3.50, formerly $5½. Chain pumps at $3½, formerly $5½.

LUMBER.
If you please look at this: 25,000 White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, flat and square headed, 3, 3½ and 4 feet. Frame lumber in large quantities at $14 per thousand feet. 18-inch, White Pine Shingles, No. 1, at $4½ per thousand, and less in large quantities. White Pine Selects and Barn Lumber, rough or surfaced, from $20 to $60 per thousand. White and yellow pine Flooring, 1-inch, at $25 per thousand. Hemlock Flooring from $18 to $22 per thousand.

TIN CUPS, BRASS KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, &c.
Think of Tin Cups at 25 cents per dozen, or 2 cents each; just as good as we make to sell at 5 cents each. Good stamped Tin Basins at 15, 18 and 25 cts. each. We are paying much attention to our tinware stock. More than we have ever done to supply the wants of every one with something that is really good

COAL. COAL.
Clearfield Coal in lots at shippers' prices. Anthracite Coal in lots at shippers' prices.

LOOK! PAINTS! LOOK!
Liquid Paints for houses, barns, roofs, etc., in four different colors, made to our own order at $1 per gallon.

GRAIN CRADLES.
Our supply of Grain Cradles this season is unusually large. Western cradle at $2½, Eagle Cradle at $2.75—best cradle in market, Ball's cradle, at $3½.

TIN CANS AND FRUIT JARS.
Ordered to be shipped to us on July 1, (in season) 21,600 Tin Quart Cans. Every can warranted, and will be offered for sale from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. At same time expect to receive 9,000 Mason Fruit Jars which are high and advancing but we will hold our present stock at present prices, without variation or abatement.

CEDARWARE & MATCHES
have our positive attention, all of which we are selling at Eastern prices. Good Brooms at $1.75 per dozen.

Door and Window Screens to suit any door or window, ready to put up.

100 barrels of Rosendale Cement at reduced prices. THE TRADE will please address us for trade prices.

Yours Yespectfully,

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf LEWISTOWN, PA.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

A friendly voice was that old old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly.
When the dawn looked gray on the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed—
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever;
Its hearts beat on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—to the churchyard bed—
"The grave hath given warning;
Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

SAWIN FARM.

Miss Elizabeth Sawin, spinster. She stood in the doorway opening upon a neat expanse of farm yard. Her glance covered the scene with irritable uncertainty. Her head turned in a listening attitude suggestive of a metaphorical "pricking up of ears" and impatient desire to locate a sound.

"Betz! Betzee!" she called a second time, as she wrathfully manipulated the towel in her hands.

"Here I am, Aunt Liz!" came in quick, sweet response from the interior of a great three-story building, combining granary and stable, which loomed high above the well-kept sheds that were clustered about it like dwarfs around a giant.

Each shed was weather-stripped and painted dark brown, to match the large buildings; each contained an agricultural treasure, machines for sowing and reaping, labor saving, time saving, large and small vehicles to advance the farmer's interest, and upon which he lavishes both pride and care. Beyond these buildings, evidences of prosperity and goodmanagement, spreads a vast billowy perspective in many shades of verdure, the tender green of acres of wheat defined, as if with ruled decision, from the darker shade of oats. To the right, a smaller patch of buckwheat with its distinct shade, neighboring upon a glistening field of young corn, tranquilly waving its ribbon foliage to the gentle breeze that moaned a wild Æolian strain" as it crept between the sharp edges of the maize fillet. To the left, edging the roadway, is the orchard, its varied assemblage of fruit trees branching along to the very shadow of a cluster of fine old forest trees beginning at the foot of the hill, where they become taller and higher until they overshadow the pretty little church on the top, around which you can see white dots gleaming even at this distance. With a field glass these dots become shapes inscribed with names, that tell you this place is sacred to the dead.

But this picturesque view, so beautiful, so refreshing to the unfamiliar eyes, possessed no familiar attraction for Miss Elizabeth Sawin, better known as "Aunt Liz," who at this moment merely realized that by sound at least she had located the whereabouts of her niece and namesake, designated "Betz" with an emphatic "ee" added as a forcible hurling adjunct a sort of alphabetic bullet after the failure of blank cartridge discharges.

"Oh, your'e there, are you?" Aunt Liz gave her head a toss, then drawing a deep, inflammatory inspiration to enable her to poise properly for the bubbling sarcasm on her tongue, she raised her voice to its ablest treble and screamed; "Well, why don't you show yourself? Do you think I'm a divining-rod, or do you think my eyes are gimlets that can bore holes through two-inch boards? Show up, Miss Idleness, to the call of your betters.

"Yours to command, Queen Bess!" laughed the culprit, appearing a central figure in the charming country scene, a flash more of beautyand picturesque life, that scattered the poultry adjuncts to the right and left across the yard to join her aunt.

A breath of new existence, a sparkle of intense vitality, magnetic and responsive, she was in her womanhood of twenty years—a child just awakened to the needs of the creature—a soul but lately answering an emotion not yet analyzed by her: but it permeated her being with an intoxicating influence, sweet, strong. reverential.

Betz, like other girls, had been fond of dreaming. Her girlish, romantic if you will, imagination had often wandered broadcast over this vast world in search of the hero who would become her other self—the "one" who some day would take her by the hand and lead her to that home nest of his own building—built for her alone to be its mistress.

"Such fool ideas were all bosh," Aunt Liz declared. "Men were not 'calculated' to understand such 'highfalutin' nonsense" as Betz had imbibed away off in that New England school. Yet the young girl had often noticed Aunt Liz covertly wipe away a tear when sitting around the table evenings Betz would read some pathetic story, while her father smoked his pipe and Aunt Liz attended to the family mending.

Betz had no mother. She recollected, as in a dream, being lifted for a moment in her father's arms and bade to kiss a pale, waxen face, mute and cold in the narrow compass of a dark long box. She remembered also how the sobs shook his frame, as kneeling there, with her standing awe-stricken at his side, trying to lift her hand above the edge of the coffin to look again upon that hushed face, while her father moaned in whispers: "Mary, wife, oh, my God, you will never, never speak to me again!" Then some instinct of uncomprehended sorrow caused her to weep with him, until Aunt Liz came softly into the room and carried her away.

Aunt Liz was not the crabbed creature then that later years had developed, but she never had much patience with "romantic nonsense." Infact,sheseemed to have a hatred for men and a contempt for the tender emotions. These peculiarities did not, however, prevent her from doing a generous duty by the motherless little daughter of her brother, whose house she superintended and whose domestic affairs she directed with conscientious intelligence.

Her abrupt manners and apparently unsympathetic nature was not calculated to inspire confidence, and Betz, whose spirits overflowed and whose heart was throbbing with its new treasure of love, found her own little pretty gable room entirely too small to contain the shy delight she was ashamed to display before Aunt Liz, the scorner, or father, the quiet, self-centered man. So Betz had gone off to whisper rapturous nonsense to the tenants of the barn, to Nellie, her own little brown mare, who put her satiny nose up to be caressed as if she deserved thus to be rewarded for not telling what she knew. How many times had she not carried her mistress away beyond the turnpike road to the point where two roads met, and there came cantering along another knowing horse with a white star on his foretop?

Ah, how Betz's little heart did flutter when she saw that handsome creature, the one in the saddle who could lift his hat as gallantly as the finest city cavalier, and who was just as good, and honest, and "well fixed" in life as any father could have wished a prospective son-in-law to be! But he found only the scantiest welcome at the Sawin farm, as Betz's home was called, and Aunt Liz would not tolerate the sight of him. So what could the lovers do but sometimes meet "by accident" of course, both bound on their way to the town for the mail and the papers that made their appearance only once a week?

And so it chanced that Betz realized in its completeness the romance of having a hero of her own.

Ah. no treachery and broken vows or hearts could mar the exquisite glory of their love tale; but like the lovers of the childish fable, who lived in Greece and died in Peace, and were buried together in bag of sand would their lives be unto the end.

How far away that end appeared to the young and happy.

Oblivious to all but such ideal thoughts was Betz when the shrill voice of Aunt Liz startled her as she sat on the edge of Nellie's corn crib, leaning absently against the patient little mare's head. Giving the animal a wanton pat and twitching her mane in parting, she ran to answer that call.

"Well, Aunt Liz, here is your humble but lazy subject. What can I do?"

"Lazy! I should say so. I wonder you ain't ashamed to own it. Girls have no sense of decency these days."

"Things were different when you were young," demurely remarked Betz, anticipating an oft quoted reproach.

"I'm not as old, thank you, as I might be," retorted the half-amused, half-angry old maid.

"That's so, your dear, good, cross auntie. I wonder if you scolded as much when you were my age and scared all your admirers."

"Drat admirers! Go and finish your beans. I'm tired of the job. Shiftless critters, to hull such a lot of dirt into 'em and be done with. It's a nuisance to have to pick a mess of beans over first every time a body wants to cook a few."

In silence this labor of sorting beans was continued by the two women, the aunt seemingly absorbed in the work, Betz covertly watching the expression of her face until the lines of vexation gave place to the usual not over contented calm.

"Aunt Liz?" the girl's voice had a ring of pleading in that caused the elder woman to look up quickly in some surprise.

"Well?"

"Fred Carter is coming over this evening."

An ominous quiver of Aunt Liz's nostrils heralded an ungracious reply.

"Fred Carter'd better mind his business and stay where he belongs."

"He is coming to speak to father on business."

Aunt Liz straightened up in her chair, dropped the beans she held as if her hands had become suddenly paralyzed and stared at the blushing Betz with eyes that had in them an emotion beside wrath and astonishment.

The girl could not bear it. Impulsively she cast her task aside and kneeling before the for once silent aunt exclaimed:

"Aunt Liz, Aunt Liz, you are all the mother I have ever known. Be kind to me now; don't scold and blame because I have deceived you. But we—we couldn't help it, and oh, Aunt Liz, do try and be my dear, dear auntie. I loved him when you said he should not come here, and then we met going to town—and oh, Aunt Liz, why do you hate him so?"

"He is the son of a contemptible man," was the bitterly spoken reply. His father did me wrong not to be forgiven. His unstable life has made my life the barren, solitary existence it is. He—he robbed me of faith in man, he made me the bitter-tongued woman I have become. Take no heed what a son of such a man says to you. He will fail you at the last hour and make you an object of pity wherever you are known."

The habit of speech familiar to farm-hands and acquired in association with them was forgotten. The dignity of her wrongs brought to the surface the better education of her youth. Aunt Liz for a moment was another being.

"Aunt Liz, dear, dear auntie—and I never knew that you had suffered. How often have I not said cruel, unthinking things that must have wounded your heart, but you never seemed to be so cold and not to care for anyone."

"Never mind, child." The words were tenderly spoken and the arm that had closed around Betz became a warmer pressure.

"Never again will I be thougtlessly unmindful of your feelings. And oh, Aunt Liz, you will let me love you dearly now and make up for—. But I cannot, cannot give up Fred," leaving the other sentence unfinished.

"If he is like his father, he won'twait for such a ceremony on your part," retorted Aunt Liz, with her usual acerbity. the momentary softness leaving face and voice, as she rudely pushed the girl from her and hastily left the room.

With a brave front, but tremulous heart, the handsome young farmer approached the father of his "Betz" that evening. Calm and comfortable the parent sat smoking his after-supper pipe. in the old-fashioned, wooden-bottomed rocking chair on the front porch. The white Swiss curtains at one of the windows just behind the unsuspicious smoker were set in motion by some agitation stronger than the gentle zephyrs that kissed the tip of a little nose peering like an advance guard between the drapery below, first one then another anxiously quivering bright brown eye.

"Good evening, Mr. Sawin."

"Good evening—good evening," the farmer answered, with quiet cordiality, eminently encouraging to the young man, who seated himself on the bench running along the porch enclosure.

"Mr. Sawin," began Fred, heroically, "I have come—"

"So I see," remarked the farmer dryly.

A flush mounted to the very tips of Fred's ears and crimsoned the line of white brow, usually protected from the toasting effects of the sun by his wide-brimmed hat.

The cynical interpolation, instead of utterly crushing the wooing youth, put him to his metal. A man coming with honorable intentions had, at least, a right to be heard, was the thought which flashed through his brain.

"I have come to ask you—that is, sir, I love Betz. I would like you to regard me more favorably than you have heretofore. Why you and Miss Sawin have always treated me as if I were a tramp or beggar I cannot understand. My character, I hope, will bear inspection. I have a good home and a strong arm and heart to offer the girl. I should be—be—so happy to call her my wife."

The poor fellow's tones faltered here, and behind the white curtains a pair of brown eyes overflowed, and a pair of little hands were pressed over a tumultuously beating heart, and a pair of sweet lips murmured: "Dear, dear Fred."

Farmer Sawin took the pipe from between his teeth, fumbled in his trouser's pocket and brought forth a two cent piece, with which he pressed into the pipe bowl the rising tobacco ashes. At this instant the white face of Aunt Liz appeared at a window at the other end of the house overlooking the porch.

"Young man," queried she in hoarse, shrill tones, "does your father know what your business is here to night?"

"He does. I have his hearty consent."

"Then go home and tell him from Liz Sawin that a son of his shan't have the chance to fool a second idiot of that name!"

"Aunt Liz! Aunt Liz!" wailed Betz, hurrrying after Fred, who, with stern. set lips, was about leaving the place, indignantly silent. "If they drive you away with insults, Fred, I will go with you. If wrong has been done, you are innocent! Whatever injustice rests between Aunt Liz, and your father, she shall not make you suffer. I believe in you. I love you."

Farmer Sawin looked at his spirited daughter with admiration, not unmingled with pain, for she resembled, in her present attitade, the sweet, "high-strung" Mary—wife—who had paseed out of his life after three short, happy wedded years. No other woman had, or could, take her place in his heart or home.

"Betz is right, sister Liz," he quietly said, as that lady appeared in the doorway. "It is hardly fair to condemn the son for a wrong done by the father."

"In what way has my father, who is the kindest and most honorable man, done you wrong? Surely you mistake him. From the few words he said when I told him that I loved your niece, I fancied somehow that he had suffered wrong."

"Indeed," sneered Aunt Liz.

"Indeed, yes. His manner, rather than his words, implied an admiration for you, mingled with sadness. He said if the girl I hoped to make my wife resembled you, as he had known you, he would welcome her as a treasure to his home and mine,"

"What condescension!" ironically murmured implacable Aunt Liz.

"I thought probably he had some time been your unsuccessful admirer."

Aunt Liz hastily turned in doors, a gray pallor on her face, a hard glitter in her eyes that looked as if tears would have been a blessed relief.

"Father, tells us what is the sorrow that makes Aunt Liz so bitter hard?"

"When she was about your age, Fred's father came to ask her to be his wife. It was an open secret that the two were devoted to each other. She had never encouraged other attentions, She wss as proud and happy as you today, Betz. and trusted her lover as you trust Fred. The wedding day was set, the finery all bought, when only a week before the day appointed, Kate Hobs—"

"My mother?" queried Fred.

"Yes; the adopted daughter of your grand-parents—came over, with swollen eyes and shame faced hesitation, and brought Liz a note. What was in it we did not find out for months, but your aunt changed as if she had become another being. The wedding things were destroyed. I never thought any one could be so hard and savage as the poor girl was when she, with her own hands, made a bonfire of her marriage dry goods. We had to humor her. We feared for her the worst that could come to mortal—insanity. She made us swear never to speak to him or her of their past. He came begging for an interview a week or two later. In the meantime your grandmother had died, but all intercourse was at an end between our families for eighteen years; then you two patched up a renewal. And here we are."

"There is a terrible mistake about that broken-off marriage. I am sure it could have been cleared up. But did my father get married soon after this trouble?"

"Within a month."

A painful silence was broken at last by Fred's request to be permitted to go and return the next morning. The lovers parted as lovers will, for the farmer remembering his youth, had discreetly vanished, and therebysanctioned Fred's hopes to call Betz his own. About ten o'clock the following day Farmer Sawin startled from his interest in the field beyond the great barn by a furious blast of the dinner-horn, such as no one but Aunt Liz could produce when in great excitement or impatience.

"Brother!" she exclaimed, "that Fred has brought his father! Oh after twenty years. What shall I do?"

"Take a drink of water, Liz; you look ready to faint."

Obediently she swallowed the water he had filled a glass with and handed her.

"Now come along and have it over with."

There was no protest to this authoritative request. White as a sheet the two, once lovers, stood after long years face to face. The man held out a trembling hand; trembling not with decrepitude, for he was the picture of grand manhood in middle life.

A glance at the honest countenance, once the idol of her maiden dreams, and with a heart-breaking moan two other trembling hands covered the face grown thin and fretlined on the memories of a contemptuous desertion.

"What was it came between us, Liz?"

"You can ask—you who wrote that cruel, heartless note!"

"I never wrote you such a note!"

"Then let the proof confound you!" Like a flash she was gone and back again, and thrust at him a yellow, crumpled paper. It read: You must forgive me if I seem unkind in writing what I should have made you aware of before. We cannot become man and wife. In justice to yourself I must tell you I love and honor above all others, one to whom I hope soon to be married. Be as you were to me before and forgive

FRED.

"My God!" the exclamation came from the man's lips with horror of some thought which seemed to have struck him. Turning to his son and Betz, he said:

"Leave us alone for a little while." Closing the door after them, he turned to the expectant brother and sister, and in a broken voice exclaimed:

"This note cost me the most painful hour I had up to that time known. It was written to one who is now before a judge who will deal with her according to her temptations. She was a faithful wife. She, unhappily, let her undisciplined affections follow their impulsive course. I was forced to write what I had not the heart to say. Be merciful; the wrong she did us cannot be atoned for upon earth. I did not dream she could hide a crime like this under so seemingly good a heart. She came to you with a message from me. My mother was suddenly stricken down that day—I dared not leave her. Eager for a word of sympathy from you, who were so soon to be my wife, can you imagine my grief—yes, indignation—when Kate brought me word that you laughed indifferently at my trouble, and instead of coming to see my dear mother, who was so fond of you, almost as if you were her daughter; in fact, you went with your cousin Henry to the city, and neither came nor sent one word of condolence when my mother was laid to rest forever. Oh, Liz, if you had only given me an opportunity to see you."

"If, if, if," moaned Aunt Liz. "If only insulted pride could separate wrong from right. But you married Kate soon enough to heal your broken heart."

"Ah, I was told how you burnt the very wedding dress in which you had promised to become mine. What hope was left for me? You must have indeed have come to hate me. The girl seemed kind, womanly, sympathetic, after the note I had written her. She was left alone after mother's death. My life was broken of its charm—she was willing to take me. A better wife and more patient no man could have than she proved to the last. You will not uncover the grave of my boy's mother—I, too, have suffered, Liz, but I cannot bear the lad—he is a noble lad, Liz—to see his mother's sin, now that she is in her grave and cannot plead a pardon!"

"Oh, Fred, Fred, I, too, have sinned, for I should have given you a chance to right the wrong."

Once more Farmer Sawin discreetly "made himself scarce," as Aunt Liz would have said had she not been blinded with remorseful tears. And somehow the two old lovers got their heads together after awhile and the long lorn, barren years fled, taking with them much of Aunt Liz's brusquerie and snap.

There were two weddings shortly on the Sawin farm. And when old friends ventured to tease Aunt Liz about her improved appearance and remarked the devotion between the long parted ones, a little of the old tartness came cropping up in her rejoinder. "Well, you know there's no fools like old fools!"

Sometimes Farmer Sawin experienced a sense of isolation in the atmosphere of happiness that reigned at both farm homes, then he would take his pipe and a little sack of tobacco and wander toward the village church-yard, there, near the white stone engraved, "Mary—Wise," he would sit and muse and smoke, finding in it a peace all his own.

The New Mormon Temple.

The main walls of the new temple of the Mormon's in Salt Lake have been completed within the past week. The first stone was laid twenty-eight years ago. The material is granite, like Maine granite, full of shining mica flecks, and is hauled from the mountain back of Salt Lake with oxen on enormous wagons with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are exceedingly thick—ten feet—and the height is eighty-five feet. The cost to date, paid by tithings, has been $1,500,000, and six more years of work will be required to complete the structure. It has come to stay, whether Mormonism has or not, and it has been predicted that some day the State of Utah, redeemed and purged of polygamy, will own it and use it for a capitol.

A good reason: Irish witness (for the defense)—"Is it myself that understands the nature of an oath? Faix, and I ought to; haven't I been twice thried for perjury and convicted?"

Bathing in Silks and Satins.

"Bathing suits? Yes, we have some, but the imported ones are not all in yet. The newest styles are of navy blue and Lansdowne blue flannel." They are made, with a pretty coquettish vest front, buttoned on to the rather low front of the blouse waist, and a white braid trimmed the sailor-shaped collar and cuffs, while bloomers of the material had a ruffle with cord and tassel attached, or tied with blue ribbon and bow, according to the fancy of the wearer. There are some like last year's style, with body and trousers in one. A skirt is fastened to the waistband or buttoned on. Except in some cases, where the plain yoke suited stout ladies best, they will not be worn this season. Flannel is the principal fabric with the dry goods houses, unless a special order is given for other material. These cost $7 to $10.

A fashionable modiste on Fifth avenue received a reporter with perturbation until he explained that his errand was simply a desire to obtain information regarding the garment worn by "lovely woman sporting on the wave." One bathing suit shown us, made for a Murray Hill belle last week, who leaves early for the coast, is of Boney Tafta silk, trimmed with Irish point lace. The lace is "set up" on the gown. It has no sleeves, but the lace edges the place where the sleeves ought to be. This garment was made with a yoke, in blouse pattern and belted in at the waist; black cloth trousers completed this costume. It cost $90. A more costly one was also shown. It is for a well-known society belle's trousseau. It is of the purest silk also, and the blouse is longer in the skirt than some others. The flounce of lace is point de Venice of the finest quality. It is to be worn at a French watering place during the boneymoon, and is a copy of one made for Mlle. Gauloire, a reigning belle in Paris. The shape of the garment is Vrai Parisienne, and the sleeves are long, as Madame does, doubtless, not intend to exert her swimming propensities after marriage, as these sleeves so heavily laced would be in the way.

"What does that cost?" questioned the reporter.

"One hundred dollars; it is not much when you consider the lace."

"Do you ever make cheaper ones?"

"The lowest priced suit for this year is a pongee silk of the new Lansdowne blue and trimmed with narrow *sutaire* braid. It is a plain plaited blouse and short skirt. The price is $25. Real lase encircles the neck and finishes the corded sleeve band."

I hear that at some large French watering-places they are to have Ottoman silk, and pale lavender and purple hues will predominate.

A Chinese Pastime.

If it be one of their numerous festivals a very noisy drinking game is played, called *chai mui*, the object of which is to see which can make the other drink the most wine. Two men play at a time. One thrusts his hand toward his opponent with one or more fingers extended and the other does the same. As the hands are extended each player must shout out some number not higher than ten. In other words, each man screams out what he guesses to be the aggregate number of fingers extended on both hands, and the person who guesses wrong pays the forfeit by drinking the wine. An example will make it plain: Ah Hoi extends two fingers and calls out six, at the same time Ah Cheung puts up three fingers and call out four. As neither party has guessed correctly the wine is spared. as is also the case where both guess right. Next time perhaps Ah Hoi thrusts out two fingers and calls out six. Ah Cheung extends four fingers and calls out eight. In this case Ah Hoi wins, as he had shouted the number of fingers extended by both parties. Ah Chung pays his forfeit by drinking a cup of wine. When these two are reddened with liquor, two more begin and the rest of the party look on. The game is so boisterons and provokes such uproarious laughter that I have been kept awake half the night by the revels of a wine party in the adjoining house. Amidst the wildest excitement often they keep their tempers. Quarreling is the exception, and as to drunkenness, I have not seen more than two drunken men during a residence in China extending over nine years. It is not because the liquor lacks strength, as I have seen scores of English Jack tars boozy for 10 cents,drunk for 20 cents and dead drunk and carried out for a half-dollar's worth of samshu wine. John has vices enough in all conscience, but drunkenness is not one. He feels the ruddy glow mantling over his cheek and neck and knows he has had enough. A flushed face and a garrulous tongue are the only sign of intoxication one one ever sees in China. The prevailing beverage is tepid tea always at hand in the basket-teapot found on the counter or table of every shop and workroom throughout the land.

Healthy Dwellings.

It has been stated that a new house containing a hundred thousand bricks (each brick sucking up from seven to ten per cent. of its weight of water), contains upon reasonable calculation ten thousand gallons of water in it. All this quantity of water has to be removed by evaporation, and the rapidity of this process will depend on the tension of the vapor at a given temperature The rate of transmission of heat through building materials depends upon their texture and composition.

Siniatic Rocks.

In the Siniatic range of mountains there is a remarkable cone of sandy rocks called Gebel-Nakus. When a traveler attempts in fine weather to scale this miniature peak he hears a sound like that of distant bells. When there is no wind and the sand is damp with dew the sound is not heard. This phenomena is attributed to the friction of the silicious sand on the declivities of the cone. The atmospheric vibration which is thus started is supposed to be intensified by cavities which serve as sounding-boxes or resonators.

Men of few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

Laborers a Hundred Years Ago.

It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information of the condition of the laboring classes in America a century ago, but enough is known to assure us that the condition of the laboring man of to-day is vastly improved over those who lived in the days when the republic was founded and the wars of the American Revolution were on. Both as regards wages and the comforts of the laboring man times are vastly improved for the better. In the matter of clothes, the stuff was meaner, the food coarser and wages were one-half what they are at present. A man who performed unskilled labor—sawed wood, mended roads, mixed mortar, carried wood to the carpenter, or helped in harvest time—received two shillings a day. If at the end of the week he took home to his family fifteen shillings—a sum now about as much as $4—he was lucky, indeed. It was only by the strictest economy that the half-starved mechanic could raise his family. His dwelling possessed few of the ornaments or refinements which decorate many a mechanic's home today. Carpets were unheard of; sand sprinkled on the floor served instead. Glass and chinaware were unknown, and pewter furnished the material for all the table-ware. Matches were unheard of, and cooking-stoves not invented. His wife struck a light with a flint or borrowed some coals from a neighbor, and cooked a rude, coarse meal. He was lucky if he tasted fresh meat once a week. Corn was three shillings a bushel, wheat eight shillings and six pence, a pound of salt pork ten pence. Fruits were comparatively unknown. Cantaloupes, tomatoes, rhubarb, cauliflower, eggplant, lettuce and many varieties of pears and peaches were unheard of a hundred years ago. Such luxuries as oranges and bananas were unknown even to the rich while the fox grape was the only delicacy in the grape line that came to the market.

The clothing of the citizen was such as no tramp would wear nowadays. Coarse leather breeches, a checked shirt, red flannel jacket, rusty hat cocked at the corners, shoes of neat-skin set off with brass buckles, and a leather apron, completed the citizen's scant wardrobe. The leather was greased to keep it soft and flexible. The sons followed in their fathers' footsteps, and the daughters went out to service. The hired girl received $50 a year for her services. She made the butter, ran errands, carie water, mended the clothes, washed and ironed and helped cook. Possibly she saved enough so that when she married the coachman she could furnish something toward housekeeping in the most meagre style.

Two Traveling Dogs.

There is a famous traveling dog in England, known as "Railway Jack." He spends the greater part of his time in making excursions over the railroads of the kingdom, and has even been in Scotland and France. Of course the railway hands all know him, and a few months ago, when he was run over and lost a leg, they were all extremely sympathetic, and took great pains to convey him home. After Jack got out again he resumed his travels, and quite recently the English papershad an interesting account of the attentions paid him by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who met him at a railroad junction waiting for a train.

There is another dog, a pure Scotch colley named "Help," who has not been as long known as Jack, and leads a similar life, though more useful. He is employed to make collections for the "Railroad Servants' Orphan Fund," and in this service he brings in, on the average, over ten dollars a week. This amounts to enough, in the course of the year, to support six orphan children. He carries on this honorable canvass on all the railways, being "employed" by a charitable society. He has visited a great number of the chief cities in England and Wales, and has twice crossed the channel to France.

This useful dog has a plated metal attached to his collar, bearing the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is 306 City Road, London where subscriptions will be thankfully recived and acknowledged." Help makes his circuit of the trains under theeye of the conductor. He does not perform any tricks, but silently exhibits his medal.

Northumberland House.

Upon a site now traversed diagonally by Northumberland avenue stood, until 1875, the last of the great riverside mansions of London—Northumberland House. Its facade exended from the statue towards Northunberland street, and its gardens went back to Scotland Yard, into which it had a gate. NorthamptonHouse, as it was first called, was built about 1605 for Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton,by Benard Jansen and Gerard Christmas—Chistmas, it is supposed, being responsible for the florid gateway or "frontispice." From the Earl of Northampton it passed to the Suffolks, and changed its name to Suffolk House, a namewhich it retained until 1679, when becoming the property of the Percies, it was again rechristened. Londoners, except upon such special occasions as Exhibition years and the like, saw little of the place beyond the facade. Its original plan was a quadrangle, uncompleted at first on the garden side. Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland added a new river front and a stone flight of stair, which Mr. Evelyn regarded as clumsy and "without any neat invention." In the interior its chief glory was a double state staircase with marble steps. There was also a state gallery of magnificent proportions, a drawing room decorated by Angelica Kauffman, and a tapestry chamber by Zuccarilli. The pictures which, with the wonderful stiff-tailed leaden lion so long familiar to passers-by, are now transferred to Sion House at Isleworth, included Titian's famous Cornaro family (Ivelyn's "Venetian Senators"), and a number of minor masterpieces. One of the show curiosities was a Sevresvase nine feet high, presented to the second Duke of Northumberland by Charles X. of France

A WRITER says: "Most soils need salt. Perhaps a word here in reference to salt will not be out of place. I might say it is indispensable to plum and pear trees, they needing from two pints to three quarts to each tree, or about six bushels per acre each year, sown broadcast and not put in large quantities against the tree; it had better be applied at different intervals. In a neighborhood containing large orchards the owners were quite discouraged about their apples. As they were very wormy they were all more or less infected. One of the owners resolved to kill or cure, and, owning a meat market, he had a large quantity of old salt and brine. He applied it in the spring to the orchards in quantities seemingly large enough to kill all the trees. Yet his trees did better than usual, producing a large crop of sound apples, while his neighbors were as bad as ever.

THE English adage that sheep pay twice is not so comprehensive as this adage, perhaps of Spanish origin: "The foot of the sheep is golden." Taking the two precepts together, sheep pay three times—once in the fleece, once in the carcass and increase, and once in the perfect distribution of manure and the improvement of the meadow; for, although sheep graze closely, they do not bite so close as the horse, nor gnaw the sward down, often into the roots. It is true that all sheep are not profitable as mutton producers, or rather some are more so than others. So certain breeds of sheep are specially profitable as fleece-producers, yet this does not invalidate, in any way, the genera statement of the three-fold value of sheep, as against other farm stock.

H. V. TRAIN announces his belief that when the cause and cure of sour honey is found the problem of wintering will be solved. He believes sour honey to be the cause of dysentery in bees, saying he never knew a case of disease unless there was sour honey in the hive, nor found sour honey unless the disease was present. He advocates the feeding of thick sugar or well-ripened honey as being safe from souring.

CHICKENS when first hatched should not be hurried out of the setting nest. For twenty-four hours, at least, from the time the earliest commence to show themselves, it is better to leave them under or with the hen mother. They need no food from a day to a day and a half usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wings, it will be time enough to remove the brood.

FALL ploughed ground is best for cabbages, not only on account of the extra pulverization, but because many eggs and larvæ have been destroyed by exposure to the frost. They require a rich, sandy soil, and if planted on a heavy, wet clay, failure will be certain. Plant in rows far enough apart to admit of cultivation with a one-horse cultivator.

THE youngest cow in the world, to our knowledge, belongs to Mr. G. M Jones, of Cottage Grove Farm, Berkley Heights, N. J. The Jersey Heifer, Galaxy's daughter (20,001), born on the 15th of December, 1882, had her first calf March 17th, when she was only one year and three months old; another heifer belonging to the same gentleman, came in when only 1 year and 5 months old.

THERE are so many useful purposes for straw that the wise farmer will scarcely need to have recourse to fire to get rid of it. It makes an excellent mulch for all kinds of fruit trees and berry vines. Use it for bedding and by frequent changing increase the compost heap. Spread it on dry knolls and places in meadows or pasture where the grass has burned or dried out.

A HOG will live in a small box that he can crawl into to get out of the snow, but a hog or other animal that just lives is an expensive boarder for a man to keep. Six or seven months is time enough to make a nice piece of pork from any well bred weaned pig, and he who takes a year for it is pretty sure to throw away three or four months' feeding material.

PLOUGH up the old cow-yards, running the plough deep, and as many loads of earth as you can remove, so many loads of rich fertilizer you will have. An exchange has read of an enterprising gentleman who manured ten acres of grass land with earth from under an old barn, and got enormous growths for several years after.

IT will surprise old-fashioned poultry growers to learn that the common hawk is regarded as a valuable bird. He destroys 100 field mice for every chicken, and if there is a fair amount of shrubbery around the henyard, very few chickens will be lost by his depredations.

CREAM cheese is made by pouring cream into muslin, which is placed in a small box or wicker mould; here the cream coagulates by reason of its own accumulating acility, and forms itself into shape as the whey drains from it. It is ready for consumption as soon as it is firm enough.

IT is said by those who have tried it that a dressing of gypsum spread over frostbitten plants early in the morning will do much to prevent injury by changing the frost to a fine dew. The gypsum will at least help shield the plant from burning by the morning sun.

IN setting hens a larger number of chicks will be secured when not over ten eggs are placed under a hen than when more are allowed. Hens should be given only as many eggs as they can secure and comfortably cover.

LEMON BUTTER to fill tarts with is made of one cup of white sugar, three eggs, butter the size of half an egg, the juice and rind of one large lemon. Put this, after beating it well, into a bright basin and set into a pan of boiling water. Stir it constantly until it is thick. Small cakes are nice if split and put together with this jelly. It is also very nice as a filling for a layer cake.

A PRETTY and not expensive cover for a library table can be made of a square of dark blue, green or maroon felt large enough to hang over the edge five inches all around. Cut the edges into teeth two inches wide and three inches long, leaving the sides straight, and pointing them at the ends; work a daisy or star with gold-colored silk on the right side of every other scallop, then turn the cloth and work the same pattern on the wrong side of the alternate ones, pinking the edge with a single scallop, pinking iron. Turn the reversed teeth upon the right side, fastening, them down with the stitch known as crow's foot, done in gold or blue floss in each pinked scallop. Bind the other teeth with silk galloon and sew a chenille or worsted ball upon each. Fit the cover at each corner by cutting out a small square, or by slashing it and turning in a piece each side of the cut. Make eyelets on each side of the opening and lace together with small cord.

A COMMON fruit and spice cake is made of one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar; beat these to a cream, then add two well-beaten eggs, the whites and yelks beaten together, a large handful of currants, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in small bits, one teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, half a cupful of sour milk with a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and three cupfuls of flour. This cake requires nearly an hour for baking in a moderate oven.

VINEGAR is better than ice for keeping fish over night. Housekeepers who are obliged to be economical should have their fish sent home toward night, and then, by putting a little vinegar on the fish, keep it perfectly well even in very hot weather. Fish is really improved in flavor under this treatment. Fish which has been kept in ice during the night, and been exposed on the shop-board during the day, being frequently watered to make it look less stale, undergoes changes which destroy both flavor and nourishment.

BEEF CROQUETS.—One cup of lean beef; half a cup of the fat, half a cup of cold boiled or fried ham; a piece of onion as large as a silver dollar; one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a pinch of sage and a little grated lemon peel. Chop all as fine as possible, or put through a mincing machine. Heat, with half a cup of stock or cold soup, and add one egg well-beaten; form into croquets; roll in egg and bread crumbs and fry in boiling lard.

CUSTARD made in this way is delicious for filling of a layer cake: Heat a coffee cup of sweet milk in a bright tin basin, beat one egg very light and beat with it until smooth one heaping teaspoonful of flour, add sugar to suit the taste; when the milk is hot, stir the flour, eggs, etc., into it; it will thicken in a very few minutes. Take it from the fire and flavor with lemon; if you choose, blanch some almonds, cut them in three or four pieces and stir into the custard.

BOILED POTATOES.—Have ready some cold boiled white potatoes left from the previous day. Cut them in slices less than half an inch thick. Dip each slice in melted butter and dust with cracker crumbs, and broil over a clear fire. Arrange on a pot dish, putting a tiny bit of butter on each slice, and sprinkle with a little finely-chopped parsley or celery. Garnish with watercresses.

A DECORATIVE catch-all, or receptacle for burnt matchss, to hang in a corner, is made by taking the rivet out of a Japanese fan and running a cord in place of it to tie the sticks together over a tin or pasteboard cornucopia. Bright ribbons are woven in and out of the sticks, which should be black, and a bow with long loops hangs from the point, while a ruche of fringed silk or quilted satin ribbon finishes the top.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Pour boiling water on a pint of bread crumbs; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven half an hour. Fresh fruit of many kinds can be used instead of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in layers are delicious.

CHICKEN FRITTERS,—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken and let them stand awhile in a mixture of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour and salt, stir the chicken into it, and fry in hot butter, a bit of chicken in each spoonful of butter. Serve very hot, first draining off all the fat. Garnish with parsley.

THE large lace tidies with deep scalloped edges are made very ornamental if they are tied tightly in the centre; then spread out the ends after the style of a butterfly's wings, and after pinning them in place put a large bow of broad bright-hued ribbon just above the place where the tidy is tied.

A HIGH authority in cooking recommends that when baking a custard you should set the basin or pudding-dish containing it into another dish filled with hot water; this keeps the temperature more even, and the danger of scorching is entirely done away with. A more delicate flavor is insured also.

LEMON JELLY. — Two cupsful of sugar, one of lemon juice, one quart of boiling water, one cupful of cold water, a box of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for two hours. Pour the boiling water on it, add the sugar and lemon juice, strain through a napkin and harden.

TENDERLOIN ON TOAST.—Cut pork tenderloins in very thin slices, stew them in a *little* water till they are nearly done; then put a little butter in a saucepan and fry them till light brown; serve on buttered toast and raw tomatoes sliced thin.

A GOOD reason: Irish witness (for the defense)—"Is it myself that understands the nature of an oath? Faix, and I ought to; haven't I been twice thried for perjury and convicted?"

MRS. A.—"Oh, dear, it is too dreadful! I had three complete sets of new dishes last fall and all have gone to ruin."

Mrs. B.—"In what way?"

Mrs. A.—"The servants broke them, of course."

Mrs. B.—"Well, I have never kept house. We have boarded ever since our marriage, but I have often thought that if I did begin I should at the very start make it a rule to change the servants for everything broken."

Mrs. A.—"It would do no good. I tried that once."

Mrs. B.—"How did it work?"

Mrs. A.—"When the girl left I owed her ten dollars and she owed me seven hundred and fifty."

A Great Horseman.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacob's Oil, that having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle he cheerfully accords this great pain cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

"YES," said a citizen of the Lone Star State. "Texas Tom was the bravest man I ever saw."

"Killed a good many men, did he?" asked a stranger."

"Never killed a man."

"Was in a good many fights, I suppose, and never showed the white feather?"

"Never fought a fight."

"Well, then how did he make his bravery so conspicuous?"

"I'll tell you—he's been married four times, and each time he married a widow with several children."

Special Invitation.

We especially invite a trial by all those sufferers from Kidney and Liver complaints who have failed to obtain relief from other remedies and from doctors. Natures great remedy, "Kidney-Wort, has effected cures in many obstinate cases. It acts at once on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleansing the system of all poisonous humors and restoring a healthy condition of those important organs. Do not be discouraged but try it.

☞ Ladies, attention! In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Everybody praises them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

JOB is always quoted as having been a most patient man, but we would like to offer a large amount to any one who will prove that his wife ever made him tack down a stair carpet with the back of a hair brush.

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, wholesale druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for coughs, colds, and even consumption, always giving entire satisfaction Please send me another gross."

IN MAY—"Where are you going this summer?"

"Don't know; Newport, I guess. Where are you?"

"Saratoga, I guess."

In June—"Mercy on me! What are you doing in this barren waste?"

"Spending the summer with my Aunt Jane, who lives in that hut beyond the potato patch. But what are you doing here?"

"Visiting my Uncle Jake, who lives in that shanty across the creek."

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

"How are you getting along?" asked a widow of her late husband, who appeared to her at midnight as a ghost. Ghost—"Very well, indeed much better than during my twenty years' married life on earth." (Widow delighted)—"Then you are in heaven?"

"Oh, no."

Special from Waltham, Mass.

Fifteen hundred watches are now made daily at Waltham, and they are better in quality and lower in price than ever before.

A GRAMMARIAN says he is always in the accusative when his wife is present. When she is not playing the part of nominative in that family she indulges in the vocative. Her gentle voice may be heard occasionally calling out tenderly, "O, Henery, bring up two scuttles when you're about it."

Never give up! you can find a remedy for Heart Disease, everyone who has tried Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator says it is a sure cure.

"DO you ever use glasses?' politely asked an old lady of an elderly English gentleman who was seated beside her in the railroad car.

"Hi never does," answered the phlegmatic Briton; "hi halways takes mine hin a pewter mug."

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

A SAGE hen—One who avoids the hawk.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1.—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.
German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

OLD GENT—"Well but, my good man, I could never buy a horse with legs like that!" Gypsy Dealer—"Wot? Legs! Wy, I thought yer wanted a fast one, and you'll never see 'is legs wen 'e gits a trottin'!"

"HERE are a few clever little verses that I have just knocked off," said the funny man. "Where had I better put them?"

"Are they of a humorous nature?" asked the editor in chief.

"Yes, they are very funny.

"Well, just mark them for the children's department."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HOST—"Now that wine cost me a guinea a bottle nearly twenty years ago. Now, apart from the prime cost, look at what the yearly interest on it comes to." Guest—"Well, let's have another bottle, and get rid of the interest on *that*, at all events."

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

LADY-LODGER—"Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male lodger—"Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that; he might play the piano all day."

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address
ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
93 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unexpected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor, 50c. *Give fitting. Circular free.*
OVALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease, and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
Is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, and all Blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: "It cured my son of Scrofula."—*J. E. Brooks, Painesville, O.* "It cured my child of Erysipelas."—*E. Saulsbee, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.* Price $1. Prepared by R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa. The genuine has our name on bottom of wrapper.

SHARP PAINS
Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.
HOP PLASTER

Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25 cts.

Important Reduction in the price of
VASELINE
(PETROLEUM JELLY.)
One Ounce bottles reduced from 15c. to 10c.
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25c. to 15c.
Five Ounce bottles reduced form 50c. to 25c.
The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us, as the imitations are worthless.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co, New York.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin disease, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS and tobacco lands for sale cheap by C. M. PHILLIPS, Lebanon, Ky.

CRAZY PATCHWORK.—Elegantly assorted Silks, 50c. and $1 a package; sample, 12c. NEW YORK SILK & SUPPLY CO., 338 Broadway.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1319 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Lütze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$40 PAYS for a *Life* Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.
Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up.
No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for poor or men of moderate means, in amount of $100, $500 FOR LIFE. Send 2 cent for particulars.
W. ROBERTS, Manager, 195 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

Card Collectors | Handsome new set cards four 1c stamps A. G. Bassett, Rochester, N. Y.

CAMPHOR MUK is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

24 372

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surgeons to account for sudden death caused by apparently inadequate wounds in the heart, such as those made by the prick, without penetration even, of a needle. Herr Schmey, a student of the Physiological Institute, Berlin, has, however, just discovered that when a needle pricks a certain small spot on the lower border of the upper third of the septum cordis, quite instantaneously the movements of the heart are arrested and forever set motionless in death. "It is now the task of anatomical investigation," says Prof. Kronecker, who verified the discovery of his pupil, Herr Schmey, and communicated it to the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre, the existence of which has been proved experimentally.

A writer gives the following means of separating the solar heat rays from the light and chemical rays: Fuse a drop of distilled selenium, place it upon a plate of glass, and cover it immediately with another thin plate of glass. Compress the rod by means of a small rod so that it spreads evenly into a very thin film between the two plates. This operation is performed upon a metal plate kept at a temperature of 25° C., and when it is finished the glass plates are allowed to cool slowly under pressure. If the operation is successful the chemical rays will be reflected while the visible rays will be absorbed and converted into electrical energy, the heat rays only passing through the glasses inclosing the selenium film, and undergoing thereby a peculiar refraction of which the exact nature is not yet known.

As a garnish for roast spare rib or for pork chops, cut some tart apples in eighths, drop them, after peeling, into boiling lard; when crisp on the outside remove them with a skimmer, drain them well and send them to the table hot.

AN eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red, it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing.

Same with gentleman. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

THE papers are publishing the fact that a brass band gave a concert for the benefit of flood sufferers, but before the band had finished the first tune the sufferers jumped right back into the water,

"YES," sighed a broken down man who had given his signature to oblige a friend," the most foolish thing I ever done in my life was to learn to write my own name."

"YES," said the seedy tragedian, sadly, "I was born to play *Hamlet*, but I never got further than the early village cock, in 'Richard III.;' but you should have heard me crow."

A gentleman from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected cures.—P. F. Hyatt, M. D., Bordentown, N. J.

ONE of the most successful druggists in New Orleans is a woman. New Orleans fellows say it is so much more pleasant to be poisoned by a woman than a man, besides being quicker and surer.

Carbo-lines.

It sheds throughout the world a light
In cot and palace seen
And on our heads its blessings bright
Flow from this Carboline.

AN Indiana school girl, rejoicing in the sad sweet name of Duddie Dubbs, has run away from home and the distracted detectives are so badly lost as Duddie seems to be. If a girl with such a name as that really is lost in the woods, it seems a pity to find her again.

Don't let any one convince you that those pains around your heart are not heart disease, they are, do not delay but procure Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. 30 years have proved its value.

SAID an Austin philanthropist to a feeble young man, whom he met on the street: "What is the matter with you? You look as pale and thin as if you hadn't had anything to eat. Are you sick?" "No, I'm a reporter."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions

ARISTOCRATIC distinction: Countess—"That is the portrait of the fifth Earl, sometimes called 'the somnambulist.'" Visitor—"Er—because, I presume, he—er—walked in his sleep?" Countess—"Walked? Certainly not. Invariably rode!"

Who Has a Stomach

Of which he or she can truthfully say, "It was never out of order." There are some human "interiors" whose digestive powers seem akin to those of the ostrich. Yet it may well be doubted if even they have not felt a passing dyspeptic qualm at some time or other. Thousands less lucky, the chronic victims of indigestion, have, although the inherent weakness of their stomachs seemed an insuperable obstacle to recovery, eventually regained complete digestion by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, foremost of American tonics and correctives. The tone and activity of the liver and bowels are likewise increased by this highly accredited medicine, the purity and efficacy of which long since won for it a popularity which time has only served to augment. Built up with the Bitters, a system no longer weak, may bid defiance to malaria and resist other causes provocative of ill health. The rheumatic, and persons suffering from inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, also find it a genuine source of relief.

ART is long, but the artist is usually "short."

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT kind of a field is older than you are?" One that is pasturage.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

BEST expressed on tombstones—Grave sentiments.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of Bladder. $1. Druggists.

STANDS to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

Vital Questions!!

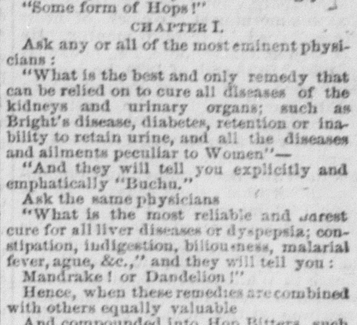
Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child like refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.
Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!
Erysipelas!
Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which Can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.



AGENTS WANTED FOR
DEEDS OF DARING BLUE & GRAY
The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures, exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, perilous journeys, daring raids and bold deeds of North and South during the Great Civil War. Big book like it. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Outsells all. Address SCAMMEL & Co., Box 4146, Philadelphia or St. Louis.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using
CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C.N. Crittenton, N.Y.

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
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By Gen. DODGE and Gen. [illegible] TAN. This Great Work is indorsed by Pres't Arthur, [illegible] Grant, and thousands of Judges, Bishops, Clergymen, Editors, Etc., as "*the Best, most Thrilling, and most Valuable Indian book ever written.*" Its Superb Illustrations, Great Authorship, and *Solid Merit* make it *the booming book for Agents.* ☞ 70,000 sold. Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. ☞ Send for Circulars, *Extra Terms*, Specimen Plate, etc., and *Swing for yourself.* Address
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Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

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ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

OF HUMAN FLESH.	OF ANIMALS.
Rheumatism,	Scratches,
Burns and Scalds,	Sores and Galls,
Stings and Bites,	Spavin, Cracks,
Cuts and Bruises,	Screw Worm, Grub,
Sprains & Stitches,	Foot Rot, Hoof Ail,
Contracted Muscles	Lameness,
Stiff Joints,	Swinny, Founders,
Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
Eruptions,	Sore Feet,
Frost Bites,	Stiffness,

and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident
For general use in family, stable and stock yard it is
THE BEST OF ALL.
LINIMENTS

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 25, '84.

REV. ISAAC GRIER, D. D., DEAD.

Mifflinburg, June 17.—Rev. Dr. Grier, died this morning at 1 o'clock, of heart disease, aged 78 years, 6 months. He was born at Jersey Shore, Pa., in January, 1806. In the fall of 1829 he entered theological seminary at Princeton. In 1832 he was licensed by the presbytery of Northumberland, at Warrior Run. The first year after leaving Princeton, he supplied the congregations of Washington, in White Deer valley, and Shamokin, in Northumberland county. In October, 1834, he accepted a call from the Washington congregation for half of his time. He gave up Shamokin and gave that half of his time to the Bethel church in White Deer twp. On the first Sabbath of May, 1835, he commenced preaching to the Buffalo congregation and has been their pastor ever since, nearly half a century, with the exception of one year, from October, 1852 to October, 1853, during which time he served the Washington congregation. In 1835 he was married to Miss Anna Campbell, sister of Dr. Campbell, for many years president of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. She is still living. They had no children. In 1859 Washington College, Pa., conferred him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity—an honor which he well deserved.

His death has cast a gloom over this entire community—especially on account of its suddenness. Last Sunday he preached at Buffalo X Roads in the morning and here in the afternoon. He was not very well and delivered his sermon sitting. Yesterday he walked our streets as usual—this morning he is a corpse. In his last hour he found solace in the faith he preached for so many years, and now he has gone to dwell with the Master he served so faithfully here.

The funeral took place at Mifflinburg on Friday, 20.—*Journal.*

BISHOP SIMPSON DEAD.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 18.—The senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church in America, the Rev. Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D., peacefully and quietly relinquished his hold on this mortal life a little before nine oclock this morning, at his home in this city. His wife and children were at his bedside when, as the hands of the mental clock neared the hour of nine, a peaceful smile stole over his lips, his eyes were closed, his hands were folded on his breast and the aged bishop lay dead.

The disease which caused his death was nervous prostration and general debility—a general wearing out of the body. The pishop, like the founder of the church of his choice, was a man of strong physique and remarkable willpower, though tall in stature and rather spare and thin. He was a tireless worker in and for the church, and seemed to have but little physical ailment or weakness till several years ago when the infirmities of age suddenly became plainly apparent while he was preaching in San Francisco where he was attacked with nervous prostration, from which he never fully recovered. A second attack, just before the session of general conference last month, resulted in his death to-day.

Rev. Mathew Simpson was born June 21, 1811, in Cadiz, Ohio, and was therefore almost 73 years of age.

A HORSE DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

Friday night Frank Alexander was arrested for procuring a horse of 'Squire Smith, of Centre county, in a way which was not altogether satisfactory to the latter gentleman. It appears Alexander held a note for $160 dollars against Smith which limitation had dissolved, although there was a credit of four dollars made on it which Smith knew nothing of. Mr. Smith owned a horse which he valued at $165 and Alexander concluded to purchase it, paying for it with the note he held and five dollars cash. Smith on examining the note of money received objected to accepting the note, but Mr. Alexander drove off with the animal, when the former sent word to Milroy to have the latter intercepted and arrested, but Alexander eluded him by taking a back road to Lewistown with the horse. Word was telephoned to this place for the authorities to watch for him and he was arrested about 11 o'clock that night by officers Price and Wimer, as he rode to his home on the animal in dispute. The horse was taken charge of and the man lodged in jail until next day when Smith arrived and the matter was compromised by Alexander giving up the horse and paying all costs.—Lewistown, *Gazette*, 18.

☞Economy is Wealth.—No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many pounds can be saved every year. Ask your druggist. Only 10c. Simple to use. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

READING TO BORROW MONEY.

Philadelphia, June 17.—The United States circuit court to-day authorized the receivers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company to borrow money for the purpose of paying the wages and interest on the consolidated mortgage which fell due on the 1st inst., and also authorized the receivers to issue certificates of indebtedness for claims for materials and supplies.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

It is said that a never-failing remedy for cows bloated with green clover, is a large table-spoonful of pulverized alum and chimney or pipe soot, each, and give the animal as soon as the bloat is discovered.

DRUGGISTS

as a rule are extremely jealous and careful of the honor of their profession and are loth to praise a medicine which they do not from personal knowledge know to be a meritorious article. They all agree, however, that for smallness of dose, easiness to take, and effectiveness as a worm destroyer, McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders are the best and most desirable vermifuge in their stock, and do not hesitate to recommend them. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

AN ACKNOWLEDGED BORROWER.

Yes, sir, I make my living by borrowing. It is a paying business. You invest no capital, and the only special training you require is a fair knowledge of the world. "The proper study for mankind is man," you know. How is it done? You must be born with a faculty for it. Now, ordinarily, when a man wants to borrow a dollar from another he watches to catch his victim alone. Then he sneaks up to him, and, if he is an awful fool, he says something intended to flatter him. If he is only a fool of the usual kind, he makes a remark about the weather or the affairs of the day. Then he says, in a kind of half whisper, "I wonder if you could spare me a dollar until to-morrow?" Or, "Oh, have you got a dollar about you that you could let me have until to-morrow?" Or, "Oh, by the way, I am a little hard pushed; would you mind lending me a dollar until to-morrow?" There are many other ways in which the simpletons put it, but there is one thing in common, and two things in general, among them. The also make "to-morrow" the date of payment, and rarely make their request exceed a dollar. Now, the first objection to this is that they equalize the advance forces. When you think you have an advantage over a man because he is alone, you forget that you are alone also. You have less hesitancy in refusing. Your reasons are exactly the same, your do not want strangers or friends to hear your request; but do you think, if you had approached him at first, that he would have wanted either strangers or friends to hear his refusal? At any time a man is likely to speak to you when confidentially conversing, in pretty much the same tone that you speak to him, provided you speak first. If you whisper to a man your secret desire for a dollar, he is very likely to whisper back a refusal. There is a way of avoiding all this. When you want to borrow money from a man, choose a time when his friends are about him. Then walk up to him and say pleasantly, "Oh, I nearly forgot about it—can I depend upon you for a couple of dollars to-night?" You mustn't wait for him to answer; add before he speaks, "Oh, it will do in a few minutes," as though you were interested in something one of his friends was saying. If that man doesn't search his pockets thoroughly for the money he is a *rara avis*. Of course, if he hasn't got it, you embarrass him; but you are less embarrassed yourself than you would have been had you and he been alone, and that is a great point, though not a lucrative one. For the first two or three times I pay back my loans. Then I get a larger loan and let them go. I very seldom borrow more than twice after I have determined to stop paying him.

THE BANJO.

Just now, banjos are the fashion. Ladies learn to play on this humble instrument, and like it. A gentleman doesn't like to take his banjo to a party, but when a lady produces one he considers it a fine opportunity to show his strength concerning the "Suwanee River," or "Nicodemus Johnson." If ladies had no banjo in the house these chances would not occur. Another reason for the popularity of the instrument is that it makes fun; people get tired of the stiff, technical, finished piano playing which ladies have carried to such an extreme. It bores them to make the effort to show discriminative appreciation of classical music. The banjo fever has been raging all through the winter. There are many forms and styles of banjos. I think there is little real difference in them. The main point is to have fine strings of good quality, and a good parchment head stretched as tightly as it will bear. You can make almost any properly proportioned banjo talk if the skin is tight and hard. It is considered quite a nice thing for a young man to make a small banjo for his sweetheart. He buys the materials and works them up to suit his fancy. In these cases the article is likely to cost him about $30. The latest idea in getting up a presentation banjo for a girl is to buy one ready made and inlay it with different colored woods; there was a good deal of this done last winter, and some of the results were very pretty. If you buy a $5 banjo, properly constructed, add pegs and tail pieces of ivory, and do a little inlaying and carving, you will have an instrument worth from $25 to $50. The idea that the banjo is a prime favorite among our colored people is a popular error. The colored people will go around with a banjo for business purposes; he knows that people connect him with the instrument and is willing to give way to their notion. But in his family the colored man plays something else. They buy ten guitar strings to one banjo string. It is a curious consideration that the historic instrument of the troubadour should have almost ceased to be a society music-making machine, while the once lowly banjo is heard in the drawing-rooms.

Those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of everyone to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

1 lot button gaiters, cloth-topped, kid-foxed, reduced from $1.50 to $1 at the Bee-hive.

V. S. C. L.

Canned Apples..... 10c
Canned Pie Peaches..... 10c
Canned Table Peaches..... 15c
Fine Turkey Prunes, (2 lbs.)..... 15c
Hurry up and buy; can't be replaced to sell at these prices.

CARRIAGE LAP ROBES, in Linen and Mumie Cloth.

Agents for Cheney Brothers AMERICAN SILKS, WARRANTED. Ladies call and see the samples; best value for the money in the world.

Full line of NOTIONS, NEW LACES, RUFFLING & PARASOLS, —for Ladies and Children.—

Best Jerseys closing out at $1 25.

— HATS, — HATS, — HATS — that R Hats.

We always give satisfaction in BOOTS & SHOES.

We are always on the top in LOW PRICES

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V. S. C. L.

☞HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR PRODUCE.☜
VALENTINES STORE CO. LIM.,
151 & 153 BUSH'S ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

A BLAZE AND RIOT.

Braddock, Pa., June 19.—Shortly after 3 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in Sedden's hardware and tin shop on Main street, and before the flames could be controlled the entire block, bounded by Eight and Burton streets, was entirely destroyed. Loss will exceed $75,000, which is partially covered by insurance. The fire is believed to be incendiary, as this was the third time Sedden's establishment has been on fire within six weeks.

After the fire was out a small riot occurred, participated in by 15 or 20 persons, who had knocked in the bungs of whisky barrels and drank liquor until intoxicated. A number of persons were slightly hurt, but none seriously. Twelve special policemen were sworn in, who quelled the disturbance and arrested 8 of the principles.

EVERY WOMAN IN THE LAND

owes it to herself and her family to take care of her health. When she finds her health failing, and debility and weakness, undermines her strength, her surest and best remedy is Kidney-Wort. It builds up the general health, keeps the secretory system in perfect order, regulates the kidneys and bowels, and enables these important organs to perform their natural functions in throwing off the accumulated impurities of the body.

FIVE THOUSAND MINERS IDLE.

Pittsburg, June 18.—The strike of the coal miners in the Monongahela Valley has spread to nearly every pit in the four pools and about 5,000 miners are now idle. The operators say they cannot afford to pay three and a-half per bushel, the price demanded for mining, and predict that the men will return to work at the old wages in less than two weeks.

Henry Schoenhals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co., St. Joseph, Mo, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with his men of sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best.

New spring stock of woolens, for merchant tailoring, at the Bee Hive.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
?mayóm Spring Mills, Pa.

New Store.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES. COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by **Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation,** or some **Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System.** Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache**; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY, FORT ORANGE, EASTLAKE AND WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

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A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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—DINGES—

I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than anyone else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,
C. DINGES.

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD MANUFACTURED

SHOULD HAVE A PAIR. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES in the County.

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST ..... SHOES, ...

the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.

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STOVES, TINWARE & PATENT IRON ROOFING

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

Everything in the line of

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1 A Full Classical Course of Four Years.
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The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE: (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.

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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

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A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

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And all kinds of Farming Tools,

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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

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There are so many articles offered that farmers hardly know what to buy. But no one can make a mistake buying an Animal Bone Super-Phosphate for $25 per ton 2,000 pounds, delivered on board car or boat at Philadelphia.

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TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR
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ADOPTED 1880.

CHEAPEST and BEST.

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AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye,

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon.....	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar..	6.00	9.55	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground...	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl.....	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg.....	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			le3.00	
Milmont.....	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.....	8.33			3.40	
Coburn.....	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills,ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn.....		6.18			2.20
Laurelton.....		7.30			3.38
Milmont.....		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg,ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg,lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg...		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl.....		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		1.50	4.50
Lewisburg,lv. 5.25		8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.5.40		ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

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Thousands Upon Thousands

of them, of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give references to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is $3, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone. And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe.

Given Up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY

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This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the 25 premiums fully described in our former announcements.

The premiums will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

P. A. WILEY, Esq.,
Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you $11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our empty tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 15th. Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq.,
Prest. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of $11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.

Yours truly, P. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

☞ See our other announcements.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

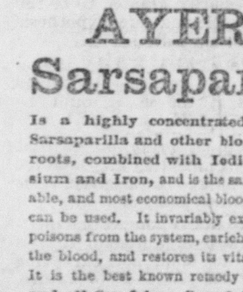
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, MALARIA, DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR HELP WHO ARE Women NERVOUS AND MEN LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, &c., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Thus for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

MOLL DAVIS OF THE DRAGOONS.

She joined the Second Scots Grays, then Lord Hay's Dragoons, and in 1675 was present at the siege of Namur. After the peace of Ryswick the regiment was reduced, and she received her discharge. Making her way to Dublin, she found that none of her friends recognized her, and, being unable to support, did not claim her children or make herself known. On the re-breaking out of the war she re-enlisted in her old dragoon corps and fought at Nimequen, at the siege of Venloo and at Liege. In the second attack at Schellenberg she was shot in the hip, but the ball was never extracted. While she was in hospital her sex was more than once in great danger of discovery. After the battle of Blenheim, being appointed guard over some prisoners, for the first time since her departure from Dublin, she saw her husband—making love to a Dutchwoman! She found he was serving in Orkney's regiment and made herself known to him, reproaching him with faithlessness, but freely forgiving him and telling his comrades that she was his brother. On the termination of the war she gave him a piece of gold, and, declining to resume her character as a woman and a wife, bade him adieu. An odd incident in her career was her being compelled to pay for the support of an infant of which she was pronounced the father! In Holland more than one girl fell in love with "the pretty dragoon," as her comrades called her. At last, at the battle of Ramilies, and just at its close, her skull being fractured by a ball, her sex was discovered. She was trepanned, and in ten weeks had recovered, but she was not allowed to reassume her male costume. Lord John Hay promised that she should never want. Brigadier Preston bought her a handsome silk gown. She was induced to receive her husband back, the marriage ceremony was re-enacted, and all the officers of her regiment were present at a very merry, frolicsome wedding feast, every man present laughingly giving a kiss to the martial bride, and the old practice of "throwing the stocking" was not omitted.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE COCOANUT.

But the worst thing about the cocoanut palm, the missionaries always say, is the fatal fact that, when once fairly started, it goes on bearing fruit uninterruptedly for forty years. This is very immoral and wrong of the ill-conditioned tree, because it encourages the idyllic Polynesian to lie under the palms all day long, cooling his limbs in the sea occasionally, sporting with Amaryllis in the shape, or with the tangles of Neæra's hair and waiting for the nuts to drop down in due time, when he ought (according to European notions) to be killing himself with hard work under a blazing sky, raising cotton, sugar, indigo and coffee, for the immediate benefit of the white merchant and the ultimate advantage of the British public. It doesn't enforce habits of steady industry and perseverance, the good missionaries say; it doesn't induce the native to feel that burning desire for Manchester piece-goods and the other blessings of civilization which ought properly to accompany the propagation of the missionary in foreign parts. You stick your nut in the sand; you sit by a few years and watch it growing; you pick up the ripe fruits as they fall from the tree, and you sell them at last for illimitable red cloth to the Manchester piece-goods merchant. Nothing could be more simple or more satisfactory. And yet it is difficult to see the precise moral distinction between the owner of a cocoanut grove in the South Sea Islands and the owner of a coal mine or a big estate in commercial England. Each lounges decorously through life after his own fashion; only the one lounges in a Russia-leather chair at a club in Pall Mall, while the other lounges in a nice soft dust heap beside a rolling surf in Tahiti or the Hawaiian Archipelago.

BENNET THE ELDER.

James Gordon Bennet in 1828, when in his thirtieth year, became the Washington correspondent of the New York *Enquirer*, which was then on the topmost round of the journalistic ladder. It is related of him that during his stay in this position he came across a copy of "Walpole's Letters," and resolved to try the effect of a few letters written in a similar strain. The truth of this is doubtful. It is more probable that the natural talents of the man were now unfettered, and he wrote without fear of censorship, and with all the ease which a sense of freedom inspires. He was naturally witty, sarcastic and sensible. These letters, however originated, were undoubtedly a great hit. They were lively, they abounded in personal allusions and they described freely not only Senators but the wives and daughters of Senators. This sort of thing was a novelty then. The scriptions of toilettes, the cravats of the President and the hunting saddle of his niece tickled not only the fools but also wiser people, who liked the sensation. These same letters established Mr. Bennett's reputation as a light lance among the hosts of writers and he found a ready sale for the poetry and the love stories which flowed from his pen during his leisure hours.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

2000 yards summer worsted dress goods reduced from 20c to 10 at the Bee-hive.

THE CONGER EEL.

This fish has of late attracted a good deal of attention, from its having been asserted that it was frequently made into turtle soup. Whether that be so or not, the conger eel is in reality one of our most valuable food-fishes. There is, unfortunately, a prejudice in the public mind against it. In all continental fish-markets—at least in those situated on seas which contain the fish—a plentiful supply of congers may always be had. The writer has seen hundreds of them in the markets at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Paris, and in the *cuisine* of France the conger occupies a prominent place. It can be converted into excellent soup, and may be cooked in various other palatable ways; it may be roasted, stewed, or broiled, or made into a succulent pie. In Guernsey and Jersey its flesh is highly esteemed, as being adaptable to the culinary art in an eminent degree. This fish ought to be much more plentifully exposed for sale than it is; and if our fishermen found a market for it, it would no doubt be so. It is a most prolific animal, yielding its eggs in literal millions. A specimen which weighed twenty-eight pounds possessed a roe of the weight of twenty-three ounces, which was computed to contain the almost incredible number of fifteen millions of eggs. Mr. Buckland, in one of his fishery reports, says "What becomes of this enormous number of eggs is unknown to man; they probably form the food of many small sea-creatures, especially crabs. They are exceedingly minute."

How curious it seems that the common herring, which yields on an average about thirty thousand ova, should be so plentiful, and the conger, which contains many millions of eggs, should be comparatively so scarce.

THE BANANA.

The banana is an annual, the fruit coming to maturity about a year after the shoot is planted, the trunk of the tree subsequently attaining a height of from eight to ten feet, and a girth of thirty-six inches. From this trunk, which is of a fibrous nature, are thrown out long palm-like branches, at the junction of which appears the fruit, each group of bunches, numbering from four to twelve, being called a "hand," and each hand having eight or ten bananas upon it. A bunch of eight hands is the ordinary size of shipping fruit. From the root of the tree several shoots or suckers sprout, each of which, in turn, becomes a fresh tree. The life of the banana tree, however, is not usually long, for is is felled after the fruit is gathered, and sometimes indeed during the operation. Jamaica contains a good many banana plantations, varying in size from twenty-five thousand to two hundred thousand trees, for the most part cultivated by the small settlers in the different parishes. These holdings generally consist of three or four acres of land, on which the owners live in a temporary mud hut, being afraid to leave their property to the tender mercies of their neighbors, who rob each other's ground with the strictest impartiality whenever they can get a chance. The cultivation is very primitive. The land being cleared by a big hoe, a hole is dug and the sucker is planted in it, in most cases nature doing all that is necessary; but in larger plantations the trees are all planted with some degree of system in the form of squares, and trenches are dug for irrigation, the banana thriving best in damp stiff soil.

PETRIFIED FORESTS.

Stone forests are in many parts of the world. A number of stony trees have been received at the Smithsonian Institute from the West. In many cases they are hardened by the peculiar atmosphere as they stand, and in others they are buried, the parts being replaced by mineral matter. The Little Colorado river in Arizona has long been a famous locality for such finds. At one place more than fifteen hundred cords of trunks and sections of logs were found by government surveyors. Most of them were silicified. Many are seven feet or more in diameter, and from twenty to seventy feet in height. The greater part of them have probably been covered in the marl that originally was one thousand feet thick. Some of the trees are changed to jasper, assuming numerous hues, while others resemble opal, and, when broken open, the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are noted localities for fossil trees. In the former State, several years ago, in turning up the ground an ancient forest layer was unearthed, and in succession two others below it; and scientists judge, from the size of the trees, that from the time of the first layer to the last sixty thousand years must have elapsed. In the remains of the glacial drift in Ohio old forests are often discovered. Some have been buried beneath the water by the sinking of the land. Some of the Ohio trees are not entirely changed into stone, being yet soft, while others are found in all stages from rock to porous sponge matter.

You dare not have opinions, or, having them, you dare not declare them or act them. You compromise with crime every day, because you think it would be officious to declare yourself, and interfere. You are not afraid of outraging morals, but of inflicting *ennui* upon society and of losing your popularity.

Remember by paying the REPORTER one year in advance subscribers get credi for 14 months.

SPRING WITHOUT BLOSSOM.

Late in Life to Look for Joy—Yet Never too Late to Mend.

Readers of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" will recall the pathos with which poor Clifford Pyncheon, who had been unjustly imprisoned since his early manhood, said, after his release "My life is gone, and where is my happiness? Oh! give me my happiness." But that could be done only in part, as beams of warm sunshine occasionally fell across the gloom of a New England autumn day.

In a letter to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., Mr. L. H. Titus, of Penington, N. J., says: "I have suffered untold misery from childhood from chronic diseases of the bowels and diarrhoea, accompanied by great pain. I sought relief at the hands of physicans of every school and used every patent and domestic remedy under the sun. I have at last found in PARKER'S TONIC a complete specific, preventive cure. As your invaluable medicine, which did for me what nothing else could do, is entitled to the credit of my getting back my happy days, I cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the fact."

Mrs. E. S. Wells, who needs no introduction to the people of Jersey City, adds the following: "The testimonial of Mr. Titus is genuine and voluntary; only he does not adequately portray the suffering he has endured for many years. He is my brother-in-law and I know the case well. He is now perfectly free from all troubles, and enjoys health and life, ascribing it all to Parker's Tonic." 28may5t

THE IRON OUTLOOK BRIGHT.

Reading, Pa., June 19.—The members of the Eastern Pig Iron Association who have been inspecting the furnaces in eastern Penn'a report that about one-third of the furnaces visited were out of blast but the operators state that the outlook is bright and that there is every indication of a better and increasing trade.

Johnstown, Pa., June 16.—The Woodvale woolen mill suspended operations to-day for an indefinite period on account of lack of orders. Three hundred men are idle in consequence of the suspension.

60 dozen men's unlaundried shirts Wamsutta muslin, 3-ply, bosom reinforced, best made, only 75c—Bee Hive.

The Novelty furniture factory and grain warehouse at Athens, Pa., burned on 17. Loss, $120,000; insurance, $70,000. One hundred and twenty men are thrown out of work.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed, sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23aprsm

NEW SHOE STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

Boots, Shoes and Slippers,

OR ANYTHING ELSE IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, SELLING AT UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS. HIS STOCK IS THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

EVER BEFORE KEPT IN CENTRE HALL. CALL AND SEE. DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, IN THE HOTEL BUILDING.

JOHN MULLEN,
23aprly Centre Hall, Pa.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

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KIDNEY-WORT

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines, Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

BUY IT AND TRY IT.

Try it for earache,
Try it for headache,
Try it for toothache,
Try it for backache.

For an ache or a pain Thomas' Eclectric Oil is excellent.—Chas. F. Medler, box 274, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best thing going, pa says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops—Master Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa.

Try it for a limp,
Try it for a lameness,
Try it for a pain,
Try it for a strain.

From shoulder to ankle joint, and for three months I had rheumatism which yielded to nothing but Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Thomas' Eclectric Oil did what no physician seemed able to accomplish. It cured me.—John N. Gregg, Supt. of Railway Construction, Niagara Falls.

Try it for a scald,
Try it for a cut,
Try it for a bruise,
Try it for a burn.

Price 50 cts. and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

J. C. BRACKBILL, W. R. BRACKBILL.

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,-----Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
Trade Mark
FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN
CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1881

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $2, two months $5, three months $7.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.
11jun tf

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.

CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa.

NOW IN USE—36,989.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain-Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co. Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA may1

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skilful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Focused on selective medical principles, operating in liver and prostate. Direct application to the seat of diseased parts in spermatic influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The exhausting elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

☞ Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

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ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

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Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

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JOHN BLAIR LYON,
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DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14adr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

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BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 23june tf

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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Receive Deposits and allow interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
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Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
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MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 200 pgs. illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts, paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 144 p. 10c, sent sealed, money or stamps. DR. WHITTIER 302 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist. Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 24-inch arbor, 3 changes feed; sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4 ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers. Elmira, N. Y. Box 1427.

HIS LOVE.

My love is a rose, a red, red rose,
Whose beauty all may see—
A smile and a blush for each she hath,
But only a thorn for me.

My love is a violet, tender and true,
Whose fragrance pure and free,
Perfumes the air like the breath of prayer,
Yet never a thought for me.

My love is the sun, the radiant sun,
Whose glory all may see—
She sheds her beams on all around,
And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile!
How quick my cares will flee,
When one day Love shall lead my love
A captive home to me.

THE BOX TUNNEL.

The 10.45 train glided from Paddington May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized, delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with her book in her hand and a *soupcon* of her wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the most to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pigtails on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick and black as coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in the proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none—in one word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman.

He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to—woman. Our friend, clearly, did not wish to be overheard; for he cast ever and anon a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book and that reassured him.

At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told), the man who got down at Slough and was lost to posterity bet £10 to £3 that he who was going down to Bath, and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road.

"Done, done!"

Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his goods looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a lamb. Two or three words were interchanged on this occasion.

At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day—he bought a *Times* and *Punch*, the latter full of steel pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by *Puck*. Now, laughing thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking march—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan!—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt sugared the other. On their return to the carriage one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included. Not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward upon the carpet. But this was a bit of fop, Adonis-dragon—so Venus remained in *tete-a-tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown one of his species, how handsome, how empresse, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer. And you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed. This elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the box tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the box tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why—hem!—it is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Dolignan then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady friend and her husband sat together going through the box tunnel; there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark. After the tunnel the lady said: 'George how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.' 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No, why?' 'Because, somehow, I thought you did.'"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed and endeavored to lead his companions to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—Ah!

Dolignan—What is the matter.

Miss Haythorn—I am frightened.

Dolignan (moving to her side)—Pray, do not be alarmed; I am near you.

Miss Haythorn—You are near me—very near me, indeed—Captain Dolignan.

Dolignan—You know my name?

Miss Haythorn—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Dolignan—I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, my dear lady.

Dolignan—Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means).

Miss Haythorn—Ee! Ee!

Friend—What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn—Open the door! Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door shut, and the blinds pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sound in a dialogue, as above, I answer, with all the insolence I command at present, "hit boys as big as yourself," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. They began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost much of its effect because the engine whistled 40,000 murders at the same moment, and ficticious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by the delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible. They must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted redhot draggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be a friend of Major Hoskyns, of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the major was too apt to look cold upon billiard balls and cigars. He had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had, also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That's nothing," continued the major; "but unfortunately, he deserved to lose it."

At this blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added:

"I mean to say he was thirty-five; you I presume, are twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing. Will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it, for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that the dragoon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with a violent reluctance; and this was his first damper.

A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in a state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision, a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look. "It cannot be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn, (not that he knew her name) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful, and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He loved her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance in the usual way it might have ended in kissing; it must end with nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around but him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him.

Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill-taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured. "Who was this man, and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I supposed," said he. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he could never encounter her again

At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyer's clerk paid him a visit and began a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked: endeavoring to soften the lawyer's clerk, that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of that term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this awkward incident: from her name to her address was but a short step, and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in waiting at the door, and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were retired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been begun in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said: "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretended devotion would, after a lapse of years erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know! She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be."

They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manners was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have begun the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all the lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident where she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the box tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by patiently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartments by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "it was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjection to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead,—and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of "Captain" this and "Miss" the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy. They were once more upon the railroad going to enjoy the honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—duck-like and delicious, and he sat beside her this time, instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me, if I own to you; no——"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then, you remember the box tunnel. (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it). I am ashamed to say that I bet £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies." and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within."

"I know that, George, I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! Impossible!"

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet? How singular. What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then you brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me, George, you will never forgive me."

"Sweet angel! why, here is the tunnel box."

Now, dear reader—no! no! no such thing! you can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider two sensible married people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream of hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

Independence in New York.

In the possession of Mr. Thomas Wiley, one of the oldest residents of the Ninth ward, New York, who was born in that section of the city some three score and ten years since, is a curious relic of antique furniture with a revolutionary history. It is a stout, high back chair, which has been in the service of the Wiley family for over two hundred years. Its distinctive merits, however, consist in its having been used as a rostrum from which was publicly read the Declaration of Independence in 1776 for the first time to the citizens of New York. Alexander Wiley, the present Mr. Thomas Wiley's grandfather, was by occupation a tailor whose store was located upon Broadway one door below Wall street. Intelligence of the action of Congress touching the severance of allegiance having reached that city anterior to the messenger bearing an authenticated copy of the anticipated declaration, great interest was manifested by the citizens to learn the precise nature of the national manifesto. The governmental courier from Philadelphia reached Paulus Hook (Jersey City) at an early hour in the morning, having ridden hard all night. He landed at one of the North River slips, and was proceeding up Broadway to turn into wall, where was situated the Old Stadt House, temporarily tenanted by the Provisional Provincial Council, when he was intercepted by the impatient burghers, who had gathered in a crowd at the head of the street while awaiting the opening of the council's session.

An eminent lawyer, ascertaining the messenger to be the bearer of an important despatch acting as spokesman for the assemblage, vehemently urged the horse man to dismount, so as to allow him to read aloud the declaration of the national will. The courier complied, and to afford the orator a more prominent position, Mrs. Wiley brought out into he street one of her chairs, and upon it the lawyer mounted and read to the crowd in stentorian tones the decree of American liberty. As it might prove dry work to decipher a legal document of this important character, patriotic Dame Wiley thoughtfully produced one of those old fashioned square bottles, filled with genuine Holland gin, and two of the peculiar gilded glasses, so highly prized by Knickerbocker burghers, and filled them to the brim, that they might be drained by messenger and orator as a reward for their popular services. This bottle and the accompanying glasses were ever treasured as invaluable relics by the Wileys until, during the Centennial year, they were incautiously loaned for exhibition at some patriotic gathering and were never returned to their owners.

Flying Pigeons.

A friend says I know many people in this country who have as their special hobby the breeding and flying of pigeons in a private way, quite independent of clubs—people who never go very far from home without taking a pigeon or two along with them to send back the news of their arrival or their success or non-success in matters of business. I had the following told me by a friend and have no reason to doubt the truth of it: A gentleman of rather shy disposition came down from London to a town not a hundred miles from Warwick, bent on proposing to a young lady with whom he was greatly in love. She was the daughter of a well-to-do landowner and a fancier of Antwerp carriers. The Londoner, however, lacked the courage or opportunity of popping the question. He was bold enough, though, before taking leave, to beg the the loan of one of his lady-love's pets, just "to tell her of his safe arrival in town." The bird returned from London the same day, and in the little quill it bore to its mistress a message—that, after all, might more simply and naturally have been conveyed by lip—to wit, a declaration and a proposal. A more artful though innocent way of getting out of a difficulty could hardly have been devised. It was successful, too.

Early Rising.

There are certain people who seem to believe that early rising constitutes the whole difference between the enterprising and the idle, the virtuous and the indifferent good, and who resemble the bishop who, when he rose early, "was proud all the morning, and sleepy all the afternoon." As a rule, we find that those who rise with the lark make amends by snatching a nap during the day—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; and why, may we ask, is it any wiser, healthier or more virtuous to sleep at one hour of the day than at another, to take it piecemeal than to do it all up at once, while you have your hand in, so to speak? The early riser is often dropping off to the land of Nod in her chair, over her books or work, making up for lost time, when it would seem better to be wide-awake, with one's wits on the alert; and she invariably speaks with disdain of those who do not share her habit as "shiftless people," to whom a sunrise is a rare exhibition, and who pretend to say that a sunset is more to their taste. No doubt there is something to be said in favor of early rising; when it has been tried occasionally by its opponents, the earth has seemed so fresh and dewy, the air so sweet, the sky so deep and luminous that they have decided never to waste such precious hours between the sheets again; but the next morning as they turn on their pillow for that last delicious nap, they confess that early rising has been overestimated, that it is only the old, who cannot sleep or the laboring classes, who must rise betimes or starve, who recommemend it, because they would fain believe that what they are obliged to do is the best and pleasantest. Although Boswell wished that some medicine might be invented which would make one rise without pain, it is doubtless easy enough to get up early if there is sufficient inducement for such a rash step; we can all muster for an excursion; we can rise with the lark, if there is only a lark in view; but the habit of it is to be discouraged as fostering self-conceit and an unchristian idea that we are better than our sleepy neighbors. It is seldom that we meet an early riser who is not puffed up by his own exceeding superiority, as if the custom proved him one of the elect. It may be urged that at least he has more time to devote to business or pleasure; but if it is true, as most physicians assert, that mankind demands eight or nine hours, sleep, he must go to bed earlier and thus abridge his time at the other end of the day, or, by taking too little sleep, shorten the days of his life.

Relative Size of States.

The figures commonly employed to indicate the area of the several states of the union have been found to be incorrect, and the census bureau has issued an extra bulletin correcting the prevalent errors so far as it is possible to do so from the date at hand. According to the old estimate the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 3,026,494 square miles; according to the new estimate it is 3,025,600, of which 17,200 are coast water of bays, gulfs, sounds, etc.; 14,500 are made up of the areas of rivers and smaller streams, and 23,900 of the areas of lakes and ponds. There remains a total land surface of about 2,970,000 square miles. Virginia in the old estimate has a total area of 38,348 square miles, in the new 42,450, including a total water surface of 2,325 square miles. It is of interest to observe the wide contrast in area between, for example, California, with her 158,360 square miles, and Rhode Island with 1,250; or between Massachusetts, with 8,315 square miles, and Texas with 265,780. Arizona has 113,000 square miles of surface, Colorado has 103,925, Dakota 149,700, Montana 146,080. Nevada 110,700, New Mexico 122,580, Delaware has 2,150, and the District of Columbia 70. New York, which has 49,170, is not as large as North Carolina, which has 52,250, and lacks nearly 10,000 square miles of Geogia.

Imperishable Pictures.

We understand that a patent has recently been granted in London on a process for forcing designs in color through the hardest substances, such as stone, ivory, celluloid, wood, etc. As an example of the manner in which the work is done may be mentioned a portrait of William H. Vanderbilt, recently completed and imported to this country. A likeness of the millionaire was painted on a marble slab, and the block of stone subjected to the process. When completed the portrait presented the same appearance as before, but the peculiarity was that the colors had entirely penetrated the marble. The slab can be sawed in two, and each piece will present a duplicate likeness, or the marble can be dressed down to the thinness of a shaving, and the portrait will still remain in all its beauty.

Artificial Cork.

Artificial cork is among the recent German inventions. The method of production consists in powdered cork with starch and water, and kneading the mass while boiling hot until it is thoroughly mixed. This substance is then poured into moulds for forming the articles and afterwards dried at a very high temperature. The material is described as quite light and possesses not-conducting properties.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

A countryman may be as warm in kersey as a king in velvet.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

It requires no small degree of art to know how to conceal it.

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, or your mouth either.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can.

Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides.

Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have.

The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you can care for them.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.

There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

I hate by-roads to education; endeavoring to make children prematurely wise is useless labor.

Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread a solitude around you.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we would be capable of doing before the world.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

There are some who write, talk, and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

The consciences of bad men, if you could get them to speak, would often be on the good man's side.

Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man.

One distinguishing mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing vigor of his warfare against evil.

The strength and safety of a community, consists in the virtue and intelligence of its youth, especially of its young men.

Who is wise? he that learns from every one. Who is powerful? he that governs his passions. Who is rich? he that is content.

There are many who despise half the world; but if there be any who despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.

Oh, strange caprice of fate, that a ship that has outlived the lightnings and tempests of the sea, should be wrecked in a quiet harbor at last!

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

There scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman that is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature,

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

The brutality that comes of poverty, from half-starved, badly housed, unhappy wretches, is not like the cool, deliberate diabolism of well-fed, pampered men.

Trades unions are a veritable sign of the times, and ought to teach the upper classes that self-love and indifference to the needs of the masses is the worst of folly.

There is nothing more sure, we take it, than that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of genius are the least touched with its beauties.

The days of joy are as long and perhaps as frequent as those of grief; but either the memory is treacherous or the mind is too morbid to admit this to be the case.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes?

There is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

Charity makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody and serves all.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter-poises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

True modesty is beautiful because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it, to enlarge it without swelling it, to make it more capable and more earnest to know, the more it knows.

THOUGHTS.

Were there no clouds at set of sun
To catch his dying rays,
Nor mists at morning, and but one
Undying, ceaseless blaze
Of sunlight, from the morn till eve,
With never-ending ray,
How would we mortals sigh and grieve
For just one cloudy day!

And so we know 'twould be with life
Were it one quiet calm;
We need the wounds received in strife
To know the power of balm.
Were there no pain, then pleasure dies,
The tares grow with the wheat;
No light is lost to blinded eyes,
The bitter makes the sweet.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE EIRE.

Neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, with hair between blonde and brown, and eyes that left a doubt as to whether they were gray or hazel. She was just such a little bundle of uncertainties and contradictions as led the imagination captive at the first glance, and offered a constant lure to anticipation.

Whether she spoke or remained silent, whether she walked or sat, expectation hung breathless upon her next word, her next pose. Her eyes, varying as seemed their hue, shone, none the less, with a candid ray that seemed the very light of truth, and her fresh mouth, with its milky teeth showing between the not too-smiling lips, irresistibly suggested the sweetest uses to which lips can be put.

When the heavily-moving vessel had plowed through half the great Atlantic rollers, and the few passengers had all grown heartily tired of each other, when she suddenly appeared for the first time upon deck, quite alone, yet calm and self-centred as the small birds that sometimes poised themselves upon spar or bulwark to gather breath for fresh flight.

It was Julius Hilder who had first discovered her, leaning against the companionway railing with the air of having just come up or down, he could hardly determine which, looking absently at the tumbling waves.

Julius and his friend, Austin Drake, were seceders from a gay party who had made the tour of Southern Europe together. It was Julius who had instigated his companion to desert the others and take the German steamer for New Orleans direct, which then touched at Havre, instead of crossing by a Cunarder; and it had all grown out of the obstinate determination on the part of his sister to attach her party to that of Mrs. Smollett.

Mrs. Smollett was his choicest aversion, a pretentious, intriguing woman, in whom the match-making instict had been so developed by the effort to establish her own five daughters that it could not rest satisfied with the accomplishment of that gigantic task. She seemed to have an endless supply of nieces, adopted daughters, or proteges of some sort, whom she dangled ostentatiously before the eyes of all eligible bachelors. She had improved a chance meeting with Julius to announce to him a new acquisition, a lovely young creature, whom she was taking home with her from a Swiss Pension.

"Mr. Smollett's own niece, Mr. Hilder, and quite like my Fanny at her age. You remember Fanny? She was your first love, I believe," she had said, with her ogling dowager smile, and Julius had felt himself seized at once with an unsurmountable aversion to the fair young niece of Mr. Smollett.

In the first heat of his indignation against his sister he had conceived this notable scheme of crossing by the Havre steamer, and though it had not in its development proved to be eminently amusing, he had never omitted to congratulate himself and his companion, night and morning, upon the good sense they had displayed in adopting it.

"No chattering girls or designing dowagers," he would say, as he yawned over his book or the dull game with which they strove to believe they were amusing themselves, "gives a man time to pull himself together and take account of stock, as it were." Still, when on one of those aimless pilgrimages below which formed the only break in the monotony of his occupation, he had nearly run over this pretty young creature leaning against the railings, a thrill of undeniable pleasure had coursed along his nerves and he had felt himself blushing with pleased surprise.

Fortunately, the sea-tan had rendered the blush indistinct, but over the light that shot into his gray eyes the sea-tan had no power, nor yet over the tongue that stammered as he tried to convey his apologies for nearly upsetting her, and his offers of service in conducting her to a seat.

"No, thank you," she had answered coolly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming, and I am not sure that I want a seat."

There was no more to be said, and her maid appearing at that moment with a bundle of parti-colored wraps, Julius could only lift his hat again and carry out his purpose of going below. As he had no reason for going except that he was tired of staying on deck, and as the deck had now acquired a paramount attraction, he was soon back again.

In the meantime the young lady had made up her mind about the seat, and had found one for herself close against the ship's side, on the weather quarter.

It was not a pleasant location, but as she had chosen it, and had wrapped a large shawl about her in an exclusive sort of way, he saw no plausible ground for interfering.

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of a man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society is an incalculable force against which no woman can successfully intrench herself, and so it was not long before Drake found himself eliminated, as a superfluous factor, from the sum of his friend's enjoyment, whenever Miss Elton appeared above deck. His success, however, was more apparent than real, for although he knew her name, and was allowed to carry her book and her shawl, and arrange her chair in the most comfortable position with reference to the wind or the sun, he had really made no great progress in her confidence. Who she was, or why she had chosen to make the voyage in this unconventional and eccentric way, remained as great a mystery as it had been on that memorable first day. It was the close of the tenth day, dating from that of his discovery, and Julius sat beside her in that intimate fashion bred of the isolation of the sea.

He had been reading to her, but the story was finished, and a silence had ensued, she appearing to be wrapped in thought and he watching her face with half-veiled glances.

"Three more days and we shall be at home," she said, rousing herself.

"You count the days," he said. "Are you eager to be there?"

"No; neither eager nor reluctant. The voyage has been pleasant, but it will be nice to be on shore again, too."

"What, or rather who is going to make it nice? Anybody in particular?"

She put the question aside with a little waive of her hand.

"You are curious," she said, mischievously.

Julius bit his lip. He was curious, and this was not the first time she had foiled him.

"You want much to know just who and what I am," she went on. "You have made a dozen attempts to find out. Tell me why. What difference would it make to you? If I were to tell you that I am a niece of the Governer of Kentucky—mind, I don't say that I am," she cautioned, as Julius made a gesture of surprise. "I say if I were to tell you so, and add that I am mistress of an independent fortune, would that enhance my value in your eyes?"

Julius drummed upon the arm of his chair and looked at her in silence.

"Suppose, on the contrary," she went on, impetuously, and with a certain warmth of tone that seemed to spring from injured pride, "I were to tell you that I am an orphan without fortune; that I had just money enough to carry me through the conservatory at Paris, and that I am hoping and expecting to make my living by teaching music, would that lower me in your regard?"

Julius still remained silent, perhaps a little abashed by the results of his own temerity.

"I see that I have embarrassed you," she said, laughing. "I shall not insist upon an answer. I leave you to adopt whichever hypothesis best suits you."

She gathered up her shawl and book as she spoke, and made a motion to rise, but Julius laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"No, no, you mustn't go yet," he exclaimed, and he fancied he perceived a dewiness in her eyes, as she turned them toward him, which touched him inexpressibly. "I am embarrassed, not so much by your hypothesis as by something in myself. Since you leave me to choose between these hypotheses, I will take the latter. You are, then, an orphan without fortune, hoping and expecting to make your living by teaching music. To prove to you how little I deserve your implied reproach, I will confess what I should have concealed from the Governor's niece. Miss Elton, I adore you."

"Mr. Hilder!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, with flashing eyes.

"Well," he said, quietly, "you challenged me."

"You are impertinent, sir," and she swept away with dignity.

She remained closely shut in her own cabin during the remainder of the afternoon and until quite late the next morning, when Julius, who had maintained an anxious and impatient watch on deck, found her in the saloon sipping a cup of tea and nibbling a piece of toast by way of breakfast.

"I hope you have forgiven me," he said, taking a seat beside her.

"But I have not," she answered, with decision.

"Which have I offended—the Governor's niece or the orphan music-teacher?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

Both. It was a daring impertinence to the one and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I am to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking absently into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said, she hurried to add, amid a confusion of blushes: "That is, of course, you must take it back; at least you mustn't say anything more about it."

"Never?"

"Never."

"But that's impossible."

"Mr. Hilder."

"Miss Elton."

"I think we've had enough of this. It was my fault, I am willing to admit that. It was wretched taste on my part, and I've suffered all sorts of things in consequence." She waived her hand toward her cabin as she spoke, indicating that it was thus her hours of retirement were spent. "Let me go back to the first question," she continued. "You asked me whether there was anybody to make it pleasant for me on shore. There was no reason but my own perversity why I should not have answered at once. No, nobody that I am at all sure will care to make it pleasant for me. I have a dear old uncle who has always been very good to me; but when he hears how naughty I have been I don't know what he will say to me," and she puckered up her white forehead into an expression of compunctious perplexity.

"Well," he said, after waiting some time for her to resume, "is that all?"

"That answers your question, does it not?"

"My question as originally put—yes, I believe it does; but it has been so amplified that you can hardly expect me to be satisfied with that meager answer."

"Amplified! I don't understand."

"Those two ingenious hypotheses, for instance—were they both pure fiction?"

"Both pure inventions," she returned, laughing and blushing again. "I am not that brilliant creature, a Governor's niece, nor yet that more useful and respectable one, a teacher of music. The Governor's niece was just a bit of satire. I traveled a few weeks once in company with such a person, and the constant iteration with which she dwelt upon her title, and the amount of respect it seemed to inspire in the minds of those who heard it, gave me the impression that it was the highest rank an unmarried woman could attain in America. I think the impression must be well founded, too, as I noticed it produced quite an effect upon you."

"Not the effect you imagine. I was startled for a moment, I confess, but simply because of a slight coincidence."

"Coincidence! Do you know her?" and a hot blush and a look of consternation sat together upon the fresh, young face of Miss Elton."

"Never saw her; but there was a plot to make me cross the ocean with such a person and a lot of other women, which I defeated by running away."

"Oh! you ran away?" she breathed the words out in a startled, half-whisper.

"Yes, they went in a Cunarder, and my friend Drake and I slipped off and took the steamer at Havre."

She looked at him with widely-opened eyes for a moment, during which he decided for the fiftieth time that the eyes were brown and not deep gray, as he had decided the other fifty times.

"Why did you run away?" she asked after a moment's amused consideration.

"Well, you see I was with my sister and two or three others; just a nice little party, all the ladies married; so a fellow didn't always have to be on parade. We had a jolly, comfortable time until we got to Paris on our way home, and there sister took it into her head to join a woman who had been roaming about the continent with a lot of girls on an extensive husband hunt—one of those women who never look at a single man without picturing him to herself walking up the aisle with a white tie, with half a dozen groomsmen at his back, and who has alwas just the grl on hand who will walk up the other aisle in white satin and meet him demurely at the altar. I had no fancy for being cooped up on a steamer with such an experienced old angler."

"And the Governor's niece was one of the girls?"

"Some Governor's niece, so I heard. Now, what is the naughty thing you've been doing? Come, confidence for confidence."

For sole answer, however, Miss Elton leaned back in her chair and began to laugh immoderately. Julius looked at her for some moments, then catching the infection began to laugh, too, much to the edification of the waiters, who were beginning their preparations for dinner.

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he added, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks, "but I could enjoy it more if I knew just the point of view from which you see it."

"Perhaps you could," she replied, demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again. "We seem to be in the way; suppose we move."

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity, and offering his arm.

"Thank you, no. I don't feel quite equal to the deck this morning."

"She made him a ceremonious obeisance, and her cabin door had closed behind her before he had fully realized her purpose.

She did not reappear during the day. It was their last day at sea, and Julius was in despair. The jetties' light was in sight when he retired, and when he awoke in the morning the smooth gliding motion of the ship announced that they were in the river. He was in no haste to see the low shores of the Mississippi, in fact he felt at the moment that he hated them; yet he sprang up, dressed with dispatch and mounted to the deck. Everybody was there but the one he sought. He stood near the companionway, watching furtively and starting at every step, She did not come, neither was she at the breakfast table.

The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with satchels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin door remained closed. They were at the wharf, the staging was run out, and a dozen or more citizens rushed across with that strange eagerness so inexplicable to the voyager, whose eagerness impels him in the opposite direction. Julius still maintaining his watch at the companionway, felt himself gently put aside by a tall, gray-haired gentleman, in a brown coat, who went with a careful haste down the brass steps. He heard a little cry, and peering through a skylight he saw Miss Elton in the arms of the gray-haired gentleman, her head pressed against the brown coat, and her eyes upturned to meet his spectacled gaze.

"Her uncle!" he muttered, peevishly. "Who the dickens is he, anyhow?"

He moved discontentedly to the side and looked at the people hurrying ashore.

"Hellos, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake, coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My wife wrote me you were coming over with her." His hand was grasped with a hearty pressure, and he found himself gazing into the spectacled eyes of Mr. Smollett.

"Oh, stupidest of stupids!" he exclaimed, as he thrust slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin. "Bagged by that Smollett ogress after all, by Jupiter!" he added as he gave a last twist to his fair moustache before the misty mirror.

Remember the golden rule.

Left Handed.

"Pearances are deceptive," the driver of a Third-avenue car remarked. "About 6 o'clock last night a young man hailed the car at Sixteenth street and came forward to smoke a cigar. He was a pale-faced, slender, foppish, dandy sort of a fellow. He wore one kid glove, and carried the other glove and a dainty little walking stick. As he was going to light his second cigar, he took two from a little case mounted in gold, and drawled, 'Dwivah, see heah, will you take a cig-a-ah? Can smoke it after hours, you know.' I did take the cigar, and it was a jolly good one, too.

"At Grand street a rough fellow, with a bull neck and a big brawny fist, got on and planted himself right next to the little dandy. Now, thought I to myself, there'll be fun, and my little friend is in for it. The dandy, with his little cane and his glove in his right hand, was standing directly behind me, and the Bowery bully—I had seen him often and knew him well by sight as an ugly customer—was a little to my left.

"'Gi' me a cigar, my sweet beauty,' said the bully, after he had taken the measure of the young fellow.

"'Rather unusual proceeding, that, I should say,' drawled the little dandy. But he handed the rowdy a cigar, and then took a fresh one himself, lighted it from the stump of his former one, and turned over the stump to the bully for a light.

"The bully smoked a minute, then made believe that he wished to get off, and tried to push in between me and the little fellow.

"'Git out of the way, will yon?' he growled, when the little dandy didn't stir. 'I want to git off.'

"'Plenty of woom where you got on, my dear fellah,' answered the little dandy deliberately. 'Weally, my dear boy, I'm too comfortable to move you see.'

"'Out of the way, I tell you,' growled the bully, 'or I'll mash your nose for you.'

"'Weally that would'nt be kind, you know, nor wight, nor pwopah, my dear boy. My nose is Gwecian, and I would'nt like to have it defaced.'

"The little dandy was lounging lazily against the jamb of the car door, and never even straightened himself up as the bully answered:

"'Take that, then, confound you.'

"He struck out with his right fist, following with his left, and I expected to see the audacious little chap knocked into the street. But he just lifted his left arm, with the gloved hand, as quick as lightning; caught the first blow on his elbow, and the second just below it; then straightened out that little arm of his right from the shoulder, and sent his dainty little fist like a bullet right into the fellow's face, knocking him completely off his pins. The man reeled, and caught hastily at the iron rods of the platform to save himself, but missed them, and tumbled off the car in a heap on the pavement.

"'Stop,' said the little dandy, in a voice as soft as woman's But I did'nt care to stop just then, so I whipped up the horses, and the last thing I heard was some loud swearing half a square behind me.

"'You see, dwivah,' said the little fellow, dusting off one of his gloves with the fingers of the other, 'what an advantage it weally is to be left-handed.' And then he went on smoking as jauntily as ever."

How Statesmen Dress.

Mr. Morrison, since the opening of the tariff discussion, seems never to pay any attention to his personal appearance. His slouch hat is awry, and banged and twisted to the greatest extreme. His loose-fitting black coat is often rusty, and liberally sprinkled with dust at the shoulders and collar. It is not alone tariff reformers who are unkempt in appearance, however, though Mills, of Texas, another of them, is worthy of note in this regard. He is a close second to Morrison as regards dress. The crop of dust upon his collar and shoulders is usually pretty nearly to that of the Illinois statesman. His slouchy black coat shines with wear; his thin, gray hair is very much rumpled; his shoes are guiltless of blacking, and he has the general appearance of a man who needs "brushing up."

Mr. Bland, of Missouri, of silver dollar fame, is another person who needs a guardian, so far as dress is concerned. He usually wears a short, rough, dusty sack coat, with convenient pockets for his hands. His vest is well open at the front, his hair is rumpled, his beard twisted and pulled, and this man, who might be quite good looking, permits himself to be talked about as one of the worst-dressed members of the house.

A man whose dress is quite as peculiar as that of Mr. Poland, is Mr. Chace, of Rhode Island. He wears a Quaker suit, the coat a half swallow-tail, with narrow standing collars, edged with velvet, a high-cut black vest, black pants, and a broad-brimmed black hat. He is a quiet, inoffensive sort of man, who uses the Quaker "thees and thous" in conversation with his fellow churchmen, but is as "fly" on the tariff question as any man on the Republican side. He has astonished a great many people in the house in his short experience there by his familiarity with this complicated subject.

Mr. Culberson, of Texas, is a man who clothes a good figure very badly. He is tall and big and broad-shouldered. A good tailor and a good hair-dresser would make him a handsome man, but Culberson makes himself anything but that. His hair always looks as though he had just gotten out of bed, his beard is rough, his clothes hang loosely upon his well-developed figure, and there are suspicious stains upon his shirt front.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who was prominent a few years ago as an alleged actor in the Hampton Massacre, is one of the best dressers in the Senate. To describe his dress would be difficult, because he has the happy faculty of being well dressed, without calling attention to that fact. His gray hair is always combed, his moustache always neatly trimmed, and his handsome face always closely shaven. He is tall and well-formed, and always appears at his ease. He left a leg on one of the southern battle-fields, but walks with a firm, elastic tread, scarcely giving an intimation of that fact, by his manner of moving about.

Ex-Governor Dorsheimer, of New York, is one of the neatest dressers in the house. He usually wears a Prince Albert coat, buttoned closely in front, and often has a bouquet at the buttonhole. His sparse hair and iron gray side whiskers are well brushed. He is very tall and well-developed, and there is no reason why so good a figure should not be well dressed. He is thought by some to resemble President Arthur.

Belford, of Colorado, dresses as badly as he looks. He is not to blame, of course, for his very red hair, and perhaps not for his red face, but he might dress better. He is wealthy, and has a good enough figure, so that clothes might look well on him, but they never do. Take him on the street, at his home, in the house or at the President's table, he is always the same illy-dressed Belford. His clothes appear never to have been brushed, and his shirt-front is always crumpled. They say he can't put on a clean "biled" shirt without mussing it.

Tom Ochiltree dresses well. He rejoices in a plentiful supply of well-made and well-fitting clothes. His red hair is usually well-brushed, and his cheek smoothly shaven. Sometimes he appears in a black Prince Albert, closely buttoned across his well-developed stomach: at other times in a dark gray suit, neatly fitting; then again in a suit of brown, which seems to be a favorite with him, and is quite becoming to his style of beauty. Whatever may be said of Ochiltree, he is certainly one of, if not "the" best dressed man in the house; and, what is more, he knows it.

Gen. Rosecrans pays little attention to dress. The same peculiarities which mark the collars and shoulders of the coats of Morrison and Mills, and Belford, are sometimes observed in the case of Rosecrans. He usually wears a short sack coat, and is not at all a military looking man, either in dress or figure.

Norwegian Head-Dresses.

The most common head-dress of the Norwegian women consists of a simple kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled, folded over the head, and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead, so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner which hangs down behind shows the embroidered pattern and protects the neck and back of the head. In the neighborhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate head-dresses are seen. The patterns are various, but they are all more or less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board.

Both the kerchief and red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, worn over a white blouse, and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder-straps. Still more characteristic and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen Province and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country are still preserved, though in other parts they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilization. These crowns are very elaborate, and, on the whole, uncomfortable looking erections. They are profusely decorated with inexpensive gems; but tawdry as they often are, they are sacredly preserved as heirlooms, and are proudly shown by their possessors to their children and grandchildren as titles to honor, if not to nobility.

A wedding in Norway has the same effect as weddings elsewhere. It moves the whole country-side. We overtook a wedding party in Valdress. The procession comprised carioles and carts of every sort and size. The bride, who wore a wreath of myrtle over her head dress, led the way in what appeared a very rickety cariole. In front of her sat a little girl, probably the bridemaid. On the spur behind sat the bridegroom, who drove. Then followed a motley assembly of men and women and children, some in carioles, some in stolkjaerrer (spring carts); some in long, narrow farm carts, without either springs or seats. A wedding is considered grand in proportion to the number of vehicles that turn out in the procession; hence, everything and anything on wheels is pressed into service. Every one was in his or her best attire, and all were in exuberant spirits—spirits not the less lively, in as far as the young men were concerned, by calls at the beer houses on the way to church. These visits the women regarded as matters of course. If the wedding had taken place in England or in Scotland it could hardly have been more hilariously celebrated.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad.

This road has its eastern terminus at Montreal and lacks only about 700 miles of completion to Port Moody on the Pacific Coast. This main line of the road is expected to be in operation by the end of the year 1885. On the completion of the branch to Windsor the road will, by its connection west of Detroit, have a second line to the Pacific, and command a share of the business of the United States to the seaboard.

A scheme to reduce the time to Europe is also contemplated by this great Canadian railway corporation. By building a line from Montreal to the northern end of Cape Breton and constructing a road through Newfoundland to its northeastern corner, the trip across the ocean would be reduced to three days. It appears to be among the possibilities of the near future when a traveler can take a car in Detroit, and not leave it until within, comparatively speaking, a few hours' sea voyage of Great Britain.

"Here are a few clever little verses that I have just knocked off," said the funny man. "Where had I better put them?"

"Are they of a humorous nature?" asked the editor in chief.

"Yes, they are very funny."

"Well, just mark them for the children's department."

Would Stay With Him.

"You've got some nice wood over there in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp to an Austin avenue lady.

"Yes," said the lady of the house.

"I would like to carry it in for you," said he.

"My husband intends to carry it in," she replied.

"Well," said the tramp, "I will carry it in and pile it up nice if you will give me my breakfast."

At this offer the lady consented and the tramp went to work.

After he had carried a few armfuls the lady stepped to the door and found him sitting on the pile with his claws on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"Oh, lady," said he, looking up, "I am so weak, for I have had nothing to eat since day before yesterday," and again he covered his face with his hands. This seemed to rouse the lady's sympathies and she went in and soon returned with an excellent breakfast. After he had swept everything from the board, he arose and said: "Thanks, my good lady, for this sumptuous repast. Now let me give you this advice: Never again let your sympathy get away with your discretion. I'm off. Ta, ta!" and he walked majestically out the front gate. The tramp had gone but a short distance when he became deadly sick. He seated himself on a curbstone, and a few moments later, having two or three violent spasmodic contractions of the stomach, he lost his ill-gotten breakfast. Indeed his stomach would have followed suit had it not been thoroughly dovetailed to his diaphragm. He believed that he was poisoned, and he became very much alarmed. As soon as he regained strength enough to get to his feet he slowly retraced his steps and found the lady standing in the front door.

"Madam," he said, in piteous tones, "my breakfast did not stay on my stomach. I believe I'm poisoned."

"That is not to be wondered at," said she. "I suspected your little game, having been caught once before in the same way, so I prepared myself for it by dosing your coffee with tartar emetic. Now let me give you a little advice: Never again let your rascality get away with your breakfast. To beat a deadbeat, beats anything. Ta, ta," and she shut the door in his face. The tramp started sorrowfully down the street, wondering, no doubt, where and how he could get a breakfast that would stay with him.

A Japanese Hotel.

Says a tourist in Japan; at daybreak I was awakened by an unmistakable British voice crying aloud for a towel. Looking out at the courtyard I saw a gentleman whom we had passed on the road, standing bare-throated, and dripping wet by a bucket of water, in which he had been washing. He had only at this critical moment discovered that the Japanese do not regard the towel as an absolutely necessary appendage to a toilet set. "Towel!" roared the wet and angry Briton to the trembling Japanese who stood there ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything, if he only knew what. "Heich?" the Japanese said, aimlessly hovering about "Tow-el! towel!" the Britisher roared trying all possible forms of accentuation in the hope that one might strike a chord of intelligence in the mind of this ineffably stupid man. The Japanese evidently began to think that whatever might be wanted, it would be safer for him to go and look for it inside, and not be in a hurry coming back. "Towel!" the Englishman roared again. "Heich!" said the Japanese, and ran nimbly into the house. But he did not come back again, and the Englishman, after stamping around disappeared in his own room, partially dried in the wind. I learned from him later that he had a good deal of trouble from the unpardonable and unaccountable ignorance of the English language among the Japanese in the interior. He had walked for fifty miles through glorious scenery, heading for Nikko—the only word he could pronounce in the Japanese tongue was Nikko—and by dint of repeating this he got along moderately well. His chief difficulty was the matter of food. He lived chiefly on rice and tea, and had arrived at the tea-house on the previous night half famished. I fancy that in the best of circumstances he was naturally of an irascible temperment. But after living on rice and tea for two days to reach Nikko and find no towel after he had trustfully washed himself was, he admitted more than he could bear without protest.

English Fashion.

English bars, where English beer may be drunk, and sandwiches, cut after the English fashion, may be eaten between meals, are to be met with now in greater numbers than formerly in certain quarters of Paris. But there is an art in the cutting of sandwiches, as there is in most things, and French waiters, who are more in the habit of inserting a slice of meat into the French roll, which then goes by the name of Sandwich, than of preparing the article on British principles, take generally longer in serving a customer than a London waiter would do. There is, however, one of the fraternity of Parisian *garcons* whose reputation as a sandwich-cutter is henceforth made, and who, in proving his capacity, has won the sum of £40. He was, it seems, being grumbled at a day or two ago, by an irritated Englishman, who wanting his afternoon sandwich, and wanting it quickly, indulged with some friends in disparaging remarks about the clumsiness of French waiters. The serving man at the bar felt himself wounded in his *amour propre*, and on the customer offering to bet 1,000 francs that he could not cut 2,000 sandwiches in the space of twenty-four hours, accepted the challenge, the Briton consenting to pay the value of the bread and ham in the event of his losing. He did lose, for the 2,000 sandwiches were cut in the presence of witnesses within the time named, and he paid without a murmur, say the French papers. As for the sandwiches, they were handed over to the Paris hospitals.

A Sage ben—One who avoids the hawk.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 25, '84.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 10 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

G. R. SPIGELMYER AND C. A. KRAPE, of the "SUPPLY DEPOT," SPRING MILLS, PA.,

SAMUEL W. WAIT AND JOHN W. RUNKLE, of the "FAIR,"

INVITE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CHOICE LINE OF SUMMER GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We have secured from the manufacturers and importers some wonderful bargains in Jerseys that you will do well to avail yourselves of at an early date before the lines are broken.

1 *lot of Imported Jerseys in Blues, Blacks, Cardinal and Brown at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 50.

1 *lot of Cardinal at* $3 50, *regular price* 4 50.

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1 *lot Black Braided, Pleated back, with Bow, Collar and French front at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 00.

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1 *lot of Black at* $1 25.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, June,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mr. Emanuel Smith, of this place, is seriously ill.

——1000 chestnut posts for sale by J. D. Long.

——Wingate is the name of a new post-office in this county.

5000 yards best standard prints reduced from 8c to 5c at the Bee-hive.

——Eggs are cheap and if the chickens knew it they'd strike.

——Go to Lewis' store, Bellefonte, for all kinds of lake fish.

——Our farmers will be busy making hay in a few days—the crop will be large.

——Our farmers are busy making hay. A weevil is preying upon the clover heads.

1 lot ladies' kid walking shoes, reduced from $1.25 to 75c at the Bee hive.

——Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is announced as a candidate for Assembly in this issue.

——Receiving goods daily; don't fail to see them; bottom prices—J. D. Long.

——Mr. Solomon Kleckner, a well-known resident of Brush Valley, died on 5, aged nearly 62 years.

——News Boy, of last week's Penn Hall items, was not our former correspondent over the same name.

——Fifty car loads of steel rails are expected at Centre Hall to-day. This will complete the road to Lemont.

—— We have the largest assortment of fish in Bellefonte. Call and examine them—Lewis, Humes' Block.

——George Mader and son, of Boalsburg, are at present running the foundry for R. R. Long at Adamsberg.

——Mrs. Levi Krebs, of Ferguson, died suddenly while at work in the garden, on Friday, 13. Her age was 43.

——Jonathan Harter, of Millheim, and Daniel Gentzel, of Penn, went to the western counties for horses, last week.

——Fish for harvest, a full assortment, at Lewis', Humes' block, Bellefonte.

——The announcement of representative Henry Meyer, of Miles, appears in this issue as a democratic candidate for re-nomination.

——Mrs. Korman, of Miles, widow, probably the oldest lady in the county, aged 95, is ill, and is expected to live only a few days.

The announcement of J. H. Barnhart, for County Treasurer, appears in this issue. Mr. B. is an old-line Spring township Democrat.

——A car load of steel was received here last Friday and tracklaying west from here will be resumed again, after a delay of two weeks.

——Mrs. Sarah Neff has graced the REPORTER's table with a handsome and fragrant bouquet of roses, for which she has our kindest thanks.

——A siding, several thousand feet long, will be put down on the railroad a short distance above Centre Hall, for the passage of trains.

——Sunday, June 29, Rev. G. W. Fortney, several years ago a teacher here, will preach a trial sermon for the Hartleton Lutheran congregation.

——Miles township has again lost one of its venerable men, in the death of Michael Bierly, of Madisonburg, who died on 16, aged 83 years.

—The announcement of J. C. Harper appears in this issue as a candidate for Prothonotary. Cal has made an obliging officer since serving this position.

— No place like the Philad. Branch for cheap clothing. No place like the Philad. Branch for assortment. No place that sells a better class of goods.

——Rev. P. A. Heilman, of Lock Haven, recently received a call from Denver, Colorado, but his congregation voted very decidedly against his accepting the call.

The secret art of beauty lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Last week was hot, the thermometer being over 90 deg. The week before was cool enough for overcoats. The weather plays odd freaks since the death of Vennor.

——Mrs. Goodhart, wife of Jno. Goodhart, of Gregg, died last Friday night, aged 74 years. She was an estimable lady and much esteemed by all in her neighborhood.

——A teacher wanted for the Centre Hall grammar school for the winter term. One who will teach a select school in the summer preferred. None but competents need apply.

——Dr. Alexander has the large yard around his premises nicely laid with sod, which adds to the prettiness of his fine home. The Doctor is a man of taste and shows it about his premises.

——Rev. Aurand, who several years ago resigned the Rebersburg Lutheran charge and moved to Juniata county, has again received a call from this charge and moved back to Rebersburg.

——David Shafer who moved west from Miles township last spring has returned and will have his family brought back also. He wisely concludes that old Brush Valley is a better place to live in than any of the western country.

——The REPORTER is generally read all over this valley and in other sections of our county, therefore one of the best advertising mediums in the county. Most of our advertisers inform us that it pays to use our columns for advertising.

——On Thursday of last week Jerry Miller's pony ran off, being frightened by the shaft of the buggy coming loose and dropping on the animal's heels. Mr. Miller was thrown out, sustained some severe bruises, and the buggy was damaged some.

——Frank Shaffer, son of Ex-Sheriff Shaffer, died at his father's residence in in Walker twp., on 16. He was 15 years, 6 months and 26 days old, and had been ill since last February. The funeral took place on Wednesday at Snydertown. The family have our sympathy.

——Get your summer suits now when the assortment is complete and to suit the taste of any and all. The Philadelphia Branch is the place to go to if you wish to buy cheap and get the worth of your money. Lewins & Co. never deceive a customer, and always deal fairly.

——The fourth of July will be a grand day in Millheim. Orations, parades, balloon ascensions, day and evening, fireworks, brass bands, illumination of Mr. Frain's hotel and big dinners and suppers to please and satisfy all coming from a distance. It is the only place in the valley, we believe, that promises a big time on the Fourth. Let all go, and keep sober.

——Mingle's boot and shoe store, in the Brockerhoff house block, is where all ladies and gentlemen go who want a stylish, neat and well-fitting boot or shoe, and at very low prices. Mingle has a chance for buying low, not enjoyed by other dealers, hence he can sell much cheaper.

——The Spring Mills house, since Mr. Bibby's management, is fast gaining the reputation of a first class hotel. When one goes from his table you have partaken of the best and well-served; cleanliness is marked in every apartment and the most obliging conduct from host to servants. Persons from the cities will find it pleasant and healthy as well as cheap to spend the summer months at this hotel.

——The reception given Dr. Rishel and his bride at the home of his parents on last Friday evening, was largely attended—the number present was upwards of one hundred. There were elegant preparations for the occasion; the premises were illuminated with Chinese lanters, and a richly spread table, with all the dainties and delicacies of the season, enabled the numerous guests to satisfy the inner man in the most gratifying manner. The evening was spent most enjoyably and will long be remembered by the many ladies and gentlemen present.

ASSEMBLY.

"*Mr. Kurtz*:—In view of the deep importance of the next legislature to the Democratic party, on account of the apportionment and other vital questions, a number of names, not yet announced, are mentioned for Assembly. We must have strong, experienced and reliable Democrats in the next house, who will know and be able to defend the interests of the party. Among these names spoken of is that of Mr. Kurtz, and we will be pleased to know whether you will permit the use of your name in this connection."

REPLY:—The above having been submitted to us by a number of Democrats (whose names can be seen at our office) we would say in reply that if the Democracy of this county think we are the proper person to serve as one of its representatives, we shall deem it our duty to serve if nominated and elected, and endeavor to prove worthy of their confidence—hence submit our name to the pleasure of our Democratic friends.

100 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will offer for sale 100 choice town lots, near the railroad, at Centre Hall. These lots will be sold at very low figures. For further particulars and plan of lots apply to J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. JOHN HOFFER, 2apr3m Bellefonte, Pa.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

It is now officially admitted at the Vatican that serious threats have been received against the Pope's life from dynamiters. Recently a letter was received at the Vatican, from a source entitled to credence, stating that a well-arranged plan to attack the Papal residence by dynamite had matured and would be carried out at the first favorable opportunity, the conspirators aiming at the life of His Holiness. This startling intelligence astounded the Cardinals, who at once held a conference and immediately took steps to foil the would-be assassins. An extra guard of picked men was posted around the Vatican.

——This week and last the college commencements were in bloom all over the country, with their usual attendants, such as fine orations by graduates, elegant alumni dinners, garnished with after dinner talks, etc. Centre county is always conspicuously represented, upon these pleasant occasions, at numerous institutions.

A strange case of suicide occurred at Northumberland, Pa., on the morning of the 7th instant. Claude M'Farland, a young man of about 22 years, a coal dealer, shot himself in the forehead with a revolver, dying in a few hours afterwards. The night previous he attended a hop at the Burr house and apparently enjoyed himself very much. He breakfasted at the usual hour, called to see a lady to whom he was paying attention, and then went to his office. Soon after he came out and went with a friend to a hardware store where he purchased a revolver with which, he said, he intended to kill a cat. On going back to his office he requested Mr. Howard Rockefeller to come into the office. He handled the latter a chair, then took some papers out of his pocket and handed them to his friend, remarking that "if anything should happen to me, here are the addresses of my sister and of my brother-in-law." He then picked up the revolver, and exclaimed, "No one will ever know why I did this," and before Mr. R. could comprehend what he was doing he had fired the weapon. No one seems to have the least idea what led him to do the act.

——The Patrons' picnic at Williamsiam's Grove, Cumberland county, opens August 25, closes 30.

Mifflin county Grangers' picnic, near Reedsville, August 8.

A. Drownover, Saulsbury, Pa., writes: "J. A. McDONALD—Dear Sir:—Your Liver Pills are giving good satisfaction here and there is quite a demand springing up for them. Please send me three dozen boxes at once, as I am out and some of my customers won't have any other."

Comment needless. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

——Lake herring, shad, white fish, trout and pickerel, at Lewis' store, Bellefonte.

Avoid by all means the use of calomel for billious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

WALKER TOWNSHIP, June 19, 1884.

EDITOR REPORTER:—As the time of making choice to fill various county offices is drawing nigh, we deem it but just and proper to push forward the very best material. And we have that in Walker township, in the person of J. J. Gramly, who is a farmer by occupation, a hard working man at manual labor and also in the ranks of Democracy. We know him to be well qualified to fill the office of Treasurer from the fact he has filled nearly all township offices to the satisfaction of his constituents by an honest and square performance of duty.

We hope that all fair means may be employed in convention to make him the standard-bearer for Treasurer.

M. Corman, of Zion	Elias Vonada,
Thomas Lesh,	J. M. Rearick, of Zion,
M. Shaffer, Esq.,	Martin Brumgard,
Adam Vonada,	W. C. Vonada,
D. A. Deitrick, Teacher,	L. C. Rearick, of Spring,
A. G. Kramer,	J. A. Stover,
Jac. Runkle,	J. Divens,
Henry Brown,	W. H. Yearick,
J. A. Swartz,	C. S. Beck,
G. H. Goodhart,	J. Miller,
A. A. Fletcher, Nittany,	J. H. Beck,
J. A. Emerick,	Sol Peck, Esq.,
J. B. Crawford,	B. B. Winkleman,
D. B. Weaver, of Gregg,	H. W. Kreamer, of Miles.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Henry Meyer, of Miles, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that James Griffith, of Halfmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Gramly, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. M'Clain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Heflin, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Ole Bull the celebrated violinist's early adventures in France were of the most extraordinary kind. He could obtain no situation, and sank lower and lower into penury. The cholera was raging in Paris, and it was no suitable moment for a young foreign artist to make his way there. He was at the point of starvation when a strange man stepped in, as the god out of the machine, and saved him in a very curious way. At the *pension* where he lived he met one morning a stranger who was, he was told, a detective. Ole Bull said something which this stranger overheard, and he entered into conversation with him. The young Norseman frankly told him the state of his affairs, and the detective took him to an *estaminet* close by. "Listen," said the stranger. "I know you are in want; but follow my advice—you must try your luck at play." "But I have no money." "You must manage to get five francs; then go to-night between ten and eleven o'clock, not earlier, to Frascati's, in the Boulevard Montmarte. Mount the stairs, ring the bell, and give your hat boldly to the liveried servant in attendance; enter the hall, go straight to the table, put your five francs on the red, and let it remain there." The young man ran home, raised the five francs, and was on the spot at the appointed hour. He made his way to the green table, surrounded by ladies and gentleman playing at *trente et quarante*. He played his five francs on the red, but, through his awkwardness, it rolled over to the black and was lost. He stood as if struck by lightning, without a son in his pocket. He came to himself on hearing; "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*" He called, "*Cinq francs,*" but his foreign accent made it sound like "*Cent francs,*" and 100 francs were shoved over to him as his winnings. He stood pale for a moment, unable to speak or move, then placed his money on the red, and won once again, and yet again until at last 800 francs in gold lay in a heap before him. Suddenly from amid the crowd surrounding the table a delicate hand gleaming with diamonds glided over the golden pile; but the iron hand of the Norwegian grasped the little white one. A woman's shriek was heard; several voices called out, "Turn him out!" But a man near Ole Bull, in a calm, clear voice that seemed to command all in the room, said, "Madame, do not touch that gold," and to Bull, "Monsieur, take your money, please." His friend, in whom he recognized the mysterious stranger of the morning, proved to be no other than Vidocq, the head of the secret police in Paris.

PARIS HORSE CARS.

An amusing feature of Paris to a foreigner is the horse cars. The appearance of the car, the driver and the conductor would almost assure one that they had been imported from America; but certain rules to be observed in running the cars very quickly remind him that he is in France. The cars are allowed to carry only a certain number of passengers—ten standing on the front platform, ten on the rear platform, and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay fifty centimes (ten cents), and those outside twenty-five centimes. When a car has its complement the gates are shut, a sign is hung out reading "*complit*," and no one can enter. During the busy time of the day, between five and six o'clock, when crowds are waiting for a car, it is necessary to apply at the office for a numbered ticket. For instance, say you applied and received No. 21. You wait for a car, and the driver, when ready, commences to call un, deux, trois and so on until he reaches your number, when you must be ready to enter; if not, you must procure another ticket and wait your turn again. The system has its advantages as well as disadvantages, and the French think it a great thing; but the amusing part of it to foreigners is the calling of the numbers, and unless one is pretty well up in French he is very apt to get left, and has to go and get another ticket. Instead of ringing a bell like our conductor, they use a kind of horn which is attached to the dashboard and blown by a rubber ball which the driver presses. The sound, which is not unlike that of a gow-horn, can be heard distinctly for a block. It is not objectionable unless the instrument happens to be out of order, and then it is very unmusical. The cars are a great convenience, and are very liberally patronized. One sees in them the economy of the French people as a class, very finely dressed ladies standing on the platform to save five cents. Economy is observable everywhere in France, and there is much truth in the aphorism that "the people could live on what the Americans waste."

COULDN'T DO IT.

In one of the traveling opera companies is a clever singer who reads his music from the page as it is photographed on the tablet of his memory. One night he was thrown entirely out by a person near the stage turning the pages of a score. He was obliged to send out and request a discontinuance of the operation before he could proceed with his part. The fact is that he could only sing by seeing the mental image of the pages of the score from which he had learned before his eyes, and to his surprise and discomfiture he found that the turning of the real leaves by the auditor carried over the imaginary leaves from which he was reading, and often in the wrong place, inasmuch as his score was differently printed.

——The announcement of J. J. Gramly, of Walker, for County Treasurer, will be found under the proper head.

The Middleburg *Post* says: Samuel Moyer, the oldest citizen of Snyder Co., lives with his son and daughter along the main road from New Berlin to Kratzerville. He is in his 94th year since last February. He is mindful of all that transpires around him, can eat his meals regularly and sleep well at night. May he live to be one hundred.

——A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 18c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35. 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00. 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

MARRIED.

On May 29, by Rev. J. W. Howey, Mr. Ira J. Lee, formerly of Centre Hall, and Miss Maggie Reed Bible, of Greenwood, Neb.

DIED.

In Madisonburg, June 16, Michael Bierly, aged 82 years, 6 months, 22 days.

In New Washington, June 7, Thomas B. Davis, ex-Judge of Clearfield county, aged 85 years, 5 months, 15 days.

At her home, near Centre Hill, June 21, Mrs. Martha Gregg Goodhart, aged 74 years, 1 month, 29 days.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June, 22 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	54¾	—61
Wheat	"	85	—1.01
Oats	"	31½	—38
Pork	"	19.60	
Lard	"	7.37	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	95
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	60
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, Egg, 4.75. 5.00

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, August 9, '84, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream, and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc. Sale at 1 o clock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ½ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises of Levi Reader, dec'd, about two miles southwest of Spring Mills, Saturday, August 2, '84, the following described real estate of Levi Reader, dec'd, a Valuable Tract of Land, in Gregg twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Jameson, George Gentzel, Henry Vonada, Eli Smith, and others, containing about 80 ACRES, more or less, about 30 acres are clear, the balance white oak timber. Thereon erected a dwelling house and barn. On this tract is an orchard of apples and cherries, a good spring of water and a public road through the land.

Also the undivided ½ interest in a tract of land situated in Gregg township, adjoining lands of Daniel Breon, John Wagner, Jeremiah Heckman, Harvey Vonada, and others containing 25 ACRES and 56 perches, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and Potter shop and other buildings. It has a stream of running water, and an orchard of good fruit. The half is well timbered with white oak and hemlock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale; ½ in one year, and balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES D. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER, Adm'rs.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.—The undersigned offers extra inducements to persons wishing to operate in lime burning or quarrying building stones. He has the best quality of lime stone for all purposes, analysed and tested, right on the L. & T. Railroad. Also quarries of the largest and most beautiful lime stone for building purposes, also cement stone pronounced first-class by the analyser. Ground will be sold or lease given, to suit operators. For further particulars call on C. J. STAMM, 23apr4m Linden Hall, Pa.

BRIDGE LETTING.—A letting for the abutments of the Roopsburg bridge, will be had on Tuesday, July 1, in the Commissioners' office, Bellefonte, where parties desiring to bid can see specifications. JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GREIST,
H. C. CAMPBELL,
Commissioners.

Attest:
MILES WALKER, Clerk.

Hon. George R. Barret is about to retire from the practice of law.

—— The campaign for the presidency has opened and with it the campaign for summer clothing by the Philad. Branch. The one campaign is to see whether Blaine or the other man shall be elected. The other is the race as to who can sell lower than Lewins & Co. Thus far the Philad. Branch has kept far ahead, and so far in fact that it is vain for any other store to think of catching up. Lewins never yet surrendered, and has given a half dozen interlopers their Waterloo, which is proof that his is the only place where ready-made clothing can be purchased real cheap.

MUSICAL SCHOOL.—The 25th session of six weeks begins in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., Thursday morning, July 29; a grand opportunity for the training of young ladies. For information and circular address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 18jun4t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 441, August Term, 1883:—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 30°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 38°, west 56 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney for Petitioner.

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT. Incorporated in 1848.

Assets, $3,000,000; Surplus, $1,050,000.

$1000 Bonds sold on yearly instalments. These bonds are payable to the holder at the expiration of 20 years or at previous death, or a stipulated amount payable in cash at the end of any year after the first, on their surrender. For circulars call on or address

R. M. MCENALLY, Special Agent, Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of George Korman, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. WASH. GARBERICK, Bellefonte,
28may6t S. M. LONG,
Executors, Farmers Mills.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS. —Chartered in 1835.—

Assets, December 31, 1883—$16,901,943.00
Surplus, " " " " 3,456,923.00

Policies non-forfeitable Dividends annually, commencing with second annual payment. An endorsement of the Cash Value and Paid-up insurance for every year, made on each policy. Every life Policy becomes an endowment at a fixed age, without change of premium. MARSTON & WAKELIN, General Agents, 133 S. 4th St. Philad.

R. M. MCENALLY, Special Agent, Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods.

Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, MUSLINS, TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Clothe and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

WM. WOLF & SON.